



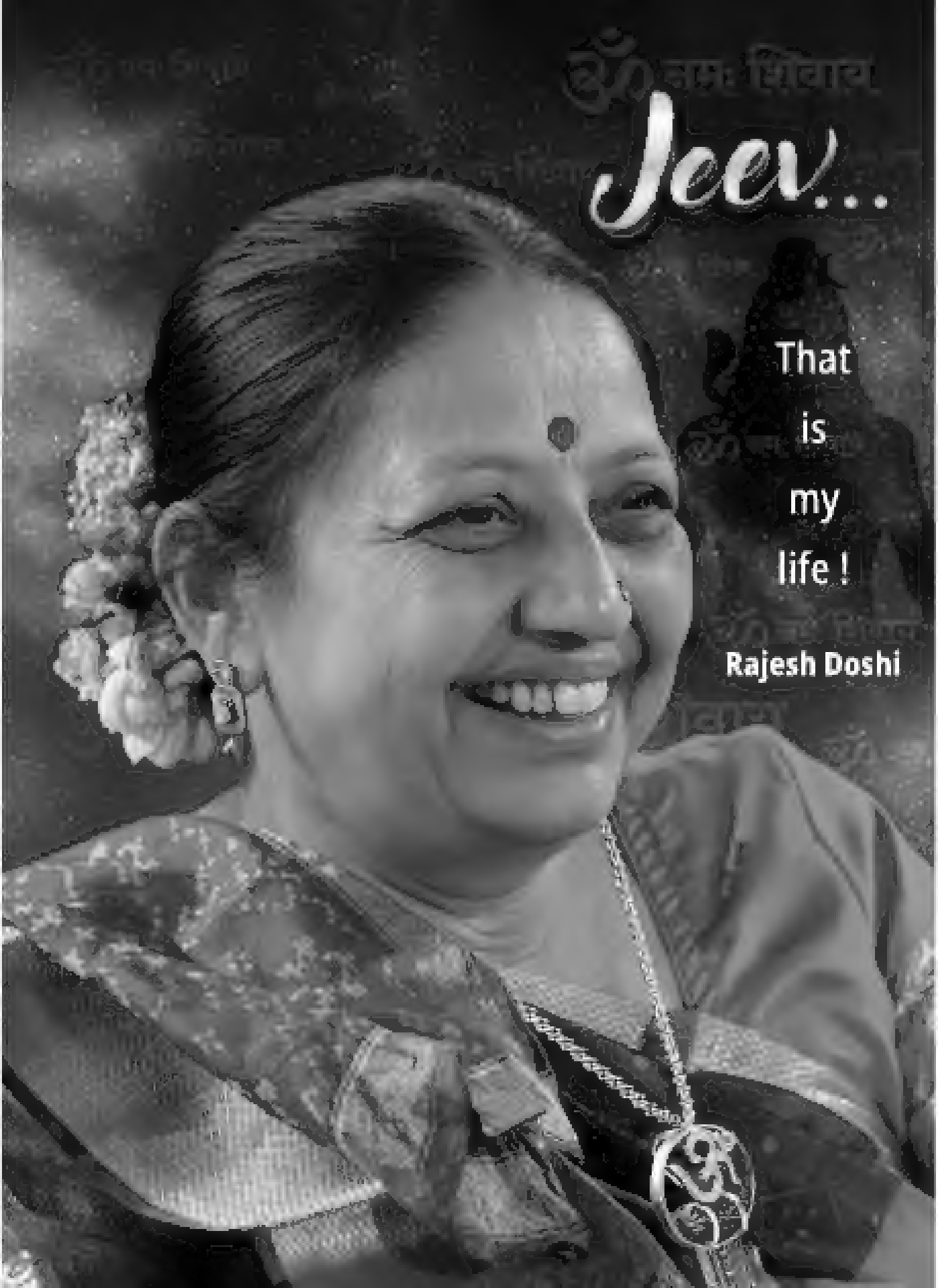
ॐ नमः शिवाय
Jeev...

ॐ नमः शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय

शिवाय

ॐ नमः शिवाय



ॐ नमः शिवाय
Jeer...

That
is
my
life !

Rajesh Doshi

Credits :

Concept : Naresh Shah

Cover Concept : Kanishma Doshi

Design : Dream Merchant, Jigar Jain

Editorial Support : Madhvi Shah

Pictures - Colour Page : Rajesh Doshi

Technical Support : Ashok Maradiya

Translated by : Rajendra Parekh

English Edition : 10th September, 2024



Jeev

a MEMORY of

Rita Doshi

by NARESH SHAH

First Edition : 10th September, 2022

Leading Seller :

Bookmark

202, Pelican House, Near Natraj Cinema

G.C.C.I Compound

Ashram Road, Ahmedabad - 380 009

Phone : 079-26580365 / 26583787

Co-Seller :

Rajesh Book Store

Lodhavad Chowk

Opp. Police Chowk, Rajkot - 360 002

Phone : 0281-2233518 / 99241 33518-19

Publisher :

NewsWala Media

C/5, Block No 11, Vitrag Society

Rajya Road, Rajkot - 360 005

Phone : 98253 85652 / 97691 63235

Email : newsvalamedia@yahoo.com

nareshshah07@gmail.com

visit us : www.newsvalamedia.com



8 780334 152937

Dedicated to all



To whom Rita
Brought happiness,
Whose tears she wiped away,
Whose pain she eased,
For whom she showed affection,
To whom she cared,
For whom she worried,
To whom she gave protection and
To whom she devoted her service.



PREFACE

'Jeev' refers to the conscious element within a living being—the soul.

One who does not understand the living being, the nonliving, or the relationship between both, how can they truly comprehend worldly, mundane happiness?

The jeev is the same in terms of consciousness across all living beings, but self-purification varies. This is why living beings are spiritually divided into two categories: Siddha Jeev (the liberated soul) and Sansar Jeev (the worldly soul)

In this book, I wish to speak about my "Jeev."

હું ખરે હું ખરો, હું વિના હું નહીં
હું રે કોઈના નહીં, સતી હું રે કહે
હું જલે હું ગણે અનિર્વાચી રહ્યો
હું વિના હું તને કોણ કહેશે !

"Only because I truly exist, you exist! Without me, you cannot be! You will exist only as long as I exist! If I no longer exist, you too will cease to be and become ineffable. For who will name you if I cease to be?"

These words of Sri Narasimha Mehta, reflecting the perfection of intimacy with the Almighty Sri Krishna, resonate deeply with my 'jeev' at this moment. Let me clarify what my 'jeev' means. From time immemorial, the Gods, Demons, Gandharvas (class of minor deities who serve as divine musicians in Hindu Mythology), and men of the past have uttered the word 'Anbhagini'

(Seller hall). But my 'Jeev' is a 'Purnangini'—a complete being. This is my permanent address to her. It is an adjective, a sentiment, or love—however one may interpret it. Perhaps, in the past, a man would never have addressed his wife in such a way, for it is more than just an address. It signifies a transcendent relationship of my mind, emotions, and conscience. She is the one to whom my mind, intellect, emotions, and ego are devoted, in her presence and association. She transcends my life itself—my 'Ritudi,' my wife, my soul, my complete body—my 'Purnangini.' Rita."

Someone who transcends birth, death, sorrow, fear, etc. Therefore, although she exists in this world, at some stage, she proved to be a Siddha Jeev. The 'Jeev' who gave up the body named 'Rita' became God and attained eternal purity, becoming a free soul, liberated from the living soul. Without any exaggeration, I have always felt that Rita embodied love, dedication, tolerance, sacrifice, and devotion. Service to her family was her highest calling, and she considered it her purpose to sacrifice herself like an incense stick, spreading her essence among her family, friends, and community—taking great pride in doing so.

Rita means such a personality who embodies the ethereal woman sitting on the cross, cemetery, summit, and throne. She is the Lady of power, wealth, and wisdom. Rita is a combination of love, social customs, and emotions.

ખરખરખને પંથ, પંડનું પોત પીધણી જાતું,
કોઈ આંખમાં આવમનું આસું એને કંચાતું
વાયુ થઈને... સ્વાસે સ્વાસે રોજ વિહરતા ધડને
સરિસૃજ જળને ખાતર જાતે... (—શ્રીમદ્દીન વડગાથા)

"On the path of selflessness, devoting her,
She could even read the hidden tears of someone.
Becoming like air, she moves around everywhere,
She wakes up for the sake of the world."



1. "On the path of selflessness, devoting herself": This suggests that Rita was committed to a selfless life, placing the needs and well-being of others above her own.
2. "Even she could read the hidden tears of someone": This line implies that Rita was deeply perceptive and empathetic, able to understand and feel the emotional pain of others even when not expressed openly.
3. "Becoming like air, she moves around everywhere": This metaphor compares Rita to air, implying that she was ever-present and free from boundaries, always available to help those in need.
4. "She wakes up for the sake of the world": This indicates that her purpose in life was to make a positive impact on the world. She woke up each day motivated by a sense of duty and responsibility to others.

As if she did not care about her rights, her only aim was to perform her duties excellently! Her time, strength, words, and support to family and children were devoted to such an extent that even today, every physical object in the house resonates with her presence. Her words echo in each corner, as she poured her life into every aspect of the home. The house speaks on behalf of Rita, who took care of both the household and the farm. In the social and educational spheres, her ability to impart a values-based life to her children was the epitome of "Nari Tu Narayani" (O woman, you are divine, A reflection of the Goddess, sublime.). She lived an inspiring life with grace, maintaining her dignity and self-respect.

The journey with 'Jeev' which began in March 1982 with the first hypnotic smile and disheveled hair, led to our wedding in November 1985. In between, we exchanged heartfelt letters, filled with discussions about correcting letters, addresses, and caring for health in the midst of everyday life!

Amid the cloud of sadness surrounding the unexpected loss of Rita's elder sister and my elder 'sister-in-law,' the young man and woman of 20x40 and 24x48 were united in marriage on November 29, 1985, without much exuberance. A 24-year-old, 48 kg young man and a 20-year-old, 40 kg young woman!

Although the atmosphere lacked excitement, the ceremony proceeded with enough practical enthusiasm. Ten people traveled in two Ambassador Cars from Manavadar to Bagasara as part of the wedding procession, and 11 returned.

I was busy until the day before the wedding. Even after marriage, the busyness continued. But within a few days, Rita took over the responsibilities of the kitchen and the little Khushboo so effortlessly that, from the depths of my heart, only one word came to mind for Rita: "Purnangini," my complete woman. That is why I say that my "Jeev" is a "Purnangini." It is my eternal address, adjective, attitude, and love because it is not just an address. It is the enlightenment of my mind, soul, and heart.

Two years into our marriage, Rita became pregnant. We both worried because Khushboo was still so young. A thread of love and understanding wove between us, and we decided that we wouldn't want another child until Khushboo was six. We mutually agreed on this,

and, with medical help, we lost the baby without informing anyone.

On November 25, 1988, the gynecologist declared that Rita would need a caesarean for her first delivery, but I was adamant that Rita should experience complete motherhood. I told the doctor that we would wait for a normal delivery, whatever the outcome. An hour and a half after drinking the smoothie of 'Asheliya' (*Lepidium sativum*), at half past two in the afternoon, she gave birth to Kripa, a portrait of Rita. Then, on February 28, 1992, Kanishka and Uttkarsh were born, followed by a third child, born on July 24, 1995. These three daughters and three sons from three brothers became part of the Doshi family. These six children brought immense joy to the family.



On July 24, 1995, when Rita was admitted to a family doctor in Junagadh for delivery, Dr. Rajesh Doshi suggested that a caesarean would be necessary since the baby's position was not right. I told the doctor I would be present in the operation theater, and only then would we proceed with the caesarean. The doctor agreed, and the procedure began. The baby was horizontal. According to the pediatrician present at the time, Uttkarsh had a physical defect. I immediately left for Rajkot to admit him to a pediatrician there. Rita stayed in Junagadh for six days due to her caesarean section, while Uttkarsh was admitted to Rajkot hospital.

The physical defect Uttkarsh had was directly related to age, and even after surgery, it persisted. By the time Uttkarsh was eight months old, six surgeries had been performed. All



A Mother's Love: Rita with newborn Uttkarsh, cradling her child with boundless affection.

members of the Doshi family were dedicated to his care. After the last major surgery, Rita's responsibilities grew immensely. For about fifteen years, from 1995 to 2011, she took care of Utkarsh. Only one in a thousand children with such a defect is completely free of it, and Utkarsh was fortunate to have a devoted mother like Rita, who helped him overcome it.

During these fifteen years, Rita and two aunts never wavered, visiting doctors every night, praying to gods and goddesses. Utkarsh's disability was so severe that he was unlikely to be admitted to any school, as children with such defects often cannot access education. However, due to Rita's unwavering determination, we started the English-medium "Shaishav Primary School" in Manavadar in 2000 for Utkarsh. In the first year, 120 children attended, including Utkarsh. He completed his education up to class 10 at Shaishav, just like other children, without any discrimination. If Utkarsh hadn't completed his homework, Rita would write a letter of apology to the school principal, and if he arrived late, he had to stand outside the class as punishment. After class 10, Utkarsh was admitted to a school in Rajkot, but Shaishav School continued to operate until 2020, managed by Rita for 20 years. The Doshi family spent 1 million - 1.2 million rupees annually to run the school, with more than 40% of the students receiving fee waivers. From 2000 to 2010, Rita, Utkarsh, and our maternal grandmother lived in Manavadar, while I traveled between Shaper Factory and Manavadar.



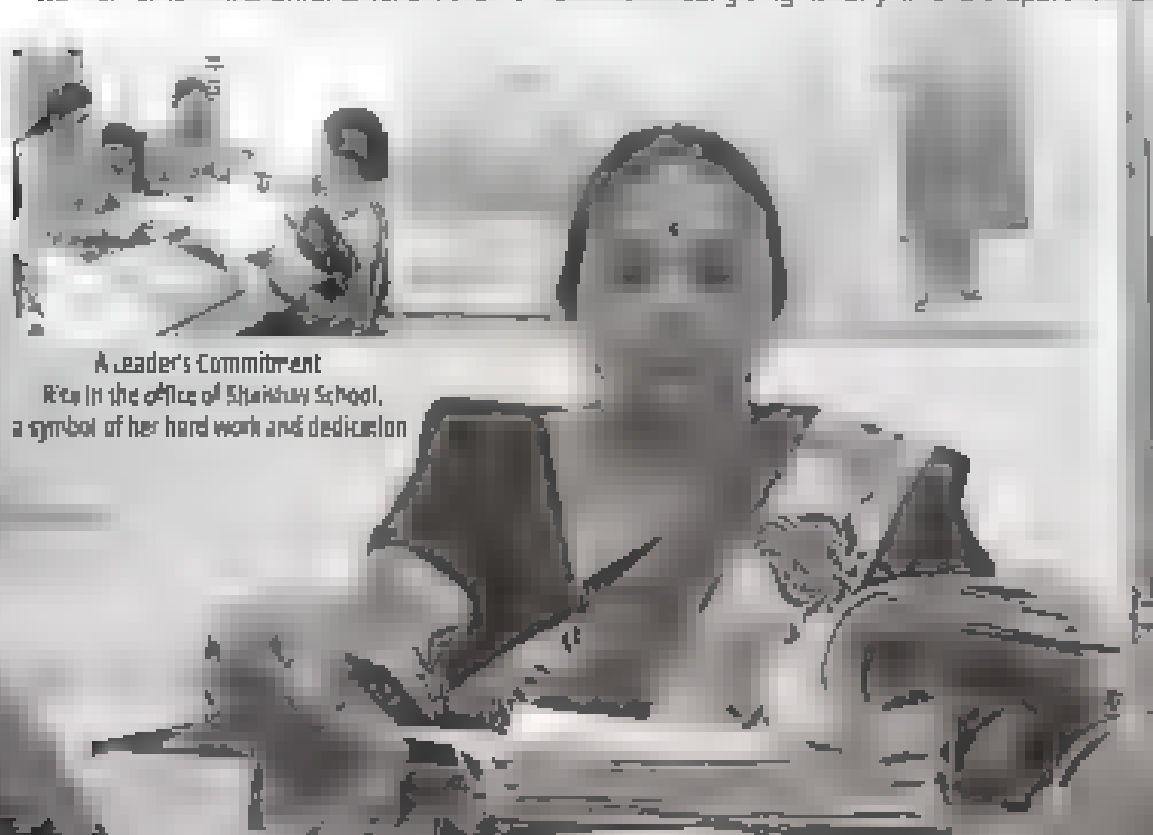
Dedication to Service : Rita working as Managing Trustee of Shaishav School, tirelessly contributing to education and community.

During his period of a effortless managed all necessary office work by phone while also managing the school. The children at Shaikhav Primary School knew that if they didn't do the homework they could expect a complaint from him. Despite his busy schedule, he was never angry with anyone. Through everyone's efforts and hard work, the school achieved a lot. The school was a place where everyone was happy and the children were studying at the school and the children would address him as 'Rita Ji' or 'Rita Dadaji'. At that time he would laugh and say, "I have so many brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law".

He always felt that the bond between him, A. N. A. and Dewyani went beyond that of sisters. There was such a deep understanding and affection between them. They took care of one another and continually tried to relieve each other of household duties. They would assist each other taking compulsory rest during times of physical discomfort. The synergy between these three goddesses was so strong that whether it was shopping or traveling, they always went together.

Rita had a particular fondness for dressing up. More so than the two other sisters-in-law. She enjoyed putting on makeup, wearing sarees and dresses with matching sandals, bangles, jewelry and ornaments. She even encouraged her to wear colorful clothes. As much as a noble woman desired to be beautiful, she was also an extremely hardworking woman. She was a woman who was as beautiful like a flower and so gracefully simple. Many people were delighted to see her. Her simple and humble were even a rare phenomenon.

Along with her looking after Rita's greatest virtue was her constant care for elderly women, small children, and her children's friends. Without giving her any time to prepare or attend



A leader's Commitment

Rita in the office of Shaikhav School, a symbol of her hard work and dedication

at mealtime and told her 'half eight' people were coming to dine with me, she would respond with a smile 'come in twenty minutes, food will be enough, you would have us a beautiful and delicious meal'. But this could have happened again, even if my brother-in-law and his family had been kind and respectful in their remarks, as never happened.

There was a distance between me and her, and her spiritual world. There were twelve children and not help-fuls, even if a child or any child came home during meal time, or a guest arrived from outside, she never let anyone leave without eating. But, along with her two elder sisters-in-law, Vitz and Dewyani, continued to respect the traditions of the Voshi family. The devotion to a strict vegetarian family is only better when there is a sense of self-sacrifice towards each other which is always present in a Voshi family.

Amidst this busy life, on the occasion of Navrathan Navar, an important and again observance is a time of introspection, devotion, and purification, beginning on September 20th 2024, fasted by drinking only boiled water. However, Rita, who was deeply religious, felt a strong urge to observe Aukh (no food) for a continuous 8 days only boiled water. Following rituals, she fasted for nine days consuming only boiled water. She completed her fast by eating food served by Jain saints.

In 2003, on my trip to the mountains, I met my friends, Vajra Bharti, Rita and my sister-in-law, Mrs. Sapana, after meeting 'Bhagwati Sadhu' who was a devotee of the Hindu deity of Lord Krishna. The Bhagwati Sadhu took place at a small Bharti Wadi (Farmhouse) located behind a mountain range in the Junagadh district of Gujarat after attending the Japrah. They returned home in the evening, and as soon as I returned, I was advised from Bharti. Rita said, 'Ita bha it would be wonderful if we had such a nice wadi'. These words stuck in my mind, and in 2005, Rita and I decided to buy a 60-acre farm. I shared the good news with Rita.

Due to the hard and necessary of working eighteen hours a day from about 1980 to 2005, in business it was hard to celebrate an anniversary or birthday. However, in our married life, the atmosphere of happiness never diminished as the support of Rita's understanding and dedication. The big difference between me, only being alive and truly living alive, wasn't just living, it's alive. My life was always with me, and I was always with me after 2005, only with my love. Since then, we have been in Germany, Italy, Taiwan, Japan, and Turkey, whether for work or in some other situation. Rita was always with me, my mother, and my little Khushi. I spent my life, one day by one day, with her, just as the great family. She has been with me, and my life continued spreading everywhere.

When I look at such events from this perspective, I understand that I may not have fully grasped when now or how much my life expanded as I became Bharti from 2005 to 2024, living at

A Milestone of Love
The magnificent celebration of their
25th Wedding Anniversary.
A testament to enduring
love and partnership



of Rita was not the only one. I remember it clearly for my whole life.

From an early time, the wadi in 1960s Mysore, Karnataka, was her domain. Her awareness, and her often, with her keen sense and elegance, she decorated the wadi with various traditional items like puja, garan, chakia, tholia, larders, and more. She turned the farm into a shukla ashra where Lord Krishna was raised, where guests would say "Be my precious guest and I will make you forget heaven!"

We had a helper named lytsana and she wadi lytsana could only cook tholia (thick flatbread made from millet flour) and khondli (cousine made of rice and lentils) but Rita was like Annapurna. She taught her complete kuje (cooking with her wisdom and made her aware of the food preferences of all the Doshi family members). Even now, everyone praises and enjoys the food lytsana cooks which Rita taught her. Since Rita loved swings, we've different types of swings were placed at her wadi.

To make it a joyous occasion, celebration of birthdays and wedding anniversary, the family used to celebrate and enjoy the celebration in 1960s and 1970s. In 1970, on the 17th of November, 1970, the 29th anniversary of Rita's birth was celebrated. The 29th anniversary had already been planned. The secret was exchanged between 1983 and 1985. When secretly gathered by the children and revealed at the stage declared for the 25th anniversary. It was on the 29th of November, 1985, three persons arrived at the house for Rita's make-up and preparation for the 4th anniversary. That evening that we realized the anniversary was to be celebrated. What should we do? What was the plan? The rest of us knew anything. In 1985, our marriage was marked by simplicity and a rush of emotions, and all the excitement, exhilaration, and gaiety that had been missing were fulfilled in 2013. Thanks to our children and elders.

A beautiful wedding and was sent to our relatives and here was inspired insistence from the elder family members to personally invite all the guests. A party plot in Rajkot was decorated with our favorite color blue for the wedding procedures called Haldi Meelo and 'Mangal Phera'. For once, we didn't busy undergoing any sort of preparation made by the children. At around 2 PM, Rita was peacefully decorated and brought to the wedding venue. Both of us to the wedding venue.

As we entered into the party plot, we were greeted with love and joy. We saw the arrangements made by the children. All our relatives, including childhood friends, had been invited, and they greeted us warmly. The special part was that while giving out the invitations, the children insisted that neither nor Rita should know about this celebration, and it's exactly how it unfolded. The children ceremoniously got us married and then sent us off to celebrate our wedding night like newlyweds at one of the nicest hotels in the city. In the occasion of this marriage, both my elder brothers gifted us a Honda superb car. Driving that Honda, we headed to the hotel, and the joy on my 'Mangini's' face was such that it felt as though a

responsibilities had been fulfilled!

On 30 August 2014 Saturday – Day After the day of pit (temple) Puja (worship), Rita, the neighbor Mahendra and his wife were to visit the Ganesh Sthapana Temple in Raxaul. On the way back Rita looked at some Ganesha (prominent Hindu god of beginnings, wisdom and luck) idols on the roadside and said to me and Mahendra, “Rajhwar is a beautiful place.”

Mahendra reminded us that the installation needed to be done a few days ago. It was already midday at night. Everyone aimed to wait for a while but this was insistent to say, “We will install the Ganesha idol tomorrow!”

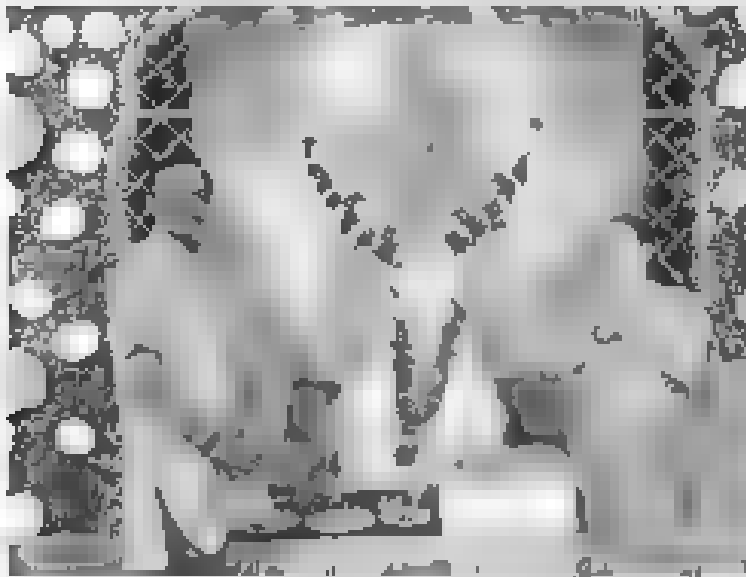
After reaching home we spoke to my elder brother and both sister-in-law. With their consent, we called the mandap (stage) service provider and asked him to create a beautiful mandap as we planned to do the ‘Ganesh Sthapana’ (installation of the Ganesha idol) the next

morning at 11 o'clock. The Mandap service man, Munna, enthusiastically agreed to help. At midnight, I left with Rita and sister-in-law to select the clay Ganesha idol. The next day Ganesha was installed with great joy and a Garba program. The Doshi family named the Ganesha idol ‘Panchavati Ka Raja.’ Being a worshiper of Shiva since childhood, Rita had immense faith in Lord Shiva's son, Ganesha. During the eleven-day Ganesha festival, Rita hoped for good news regarding Khushboo, and she vowed that if she received good

news about Khushboo, she would do a Ganesh Puja and eleven (eleven is your friend's favorite number) pujas. Khushboo gave just news to her about wedding in August 2015 and Rita also expressed her interest in the wedding. As a result, Rita began to do a Ganesh Puja and eleven days every year in Panitwar (family). Every day during the festival, except Rita's wish, a lot of sweet made from pure ghee, dried coconut was offered as a prasad.

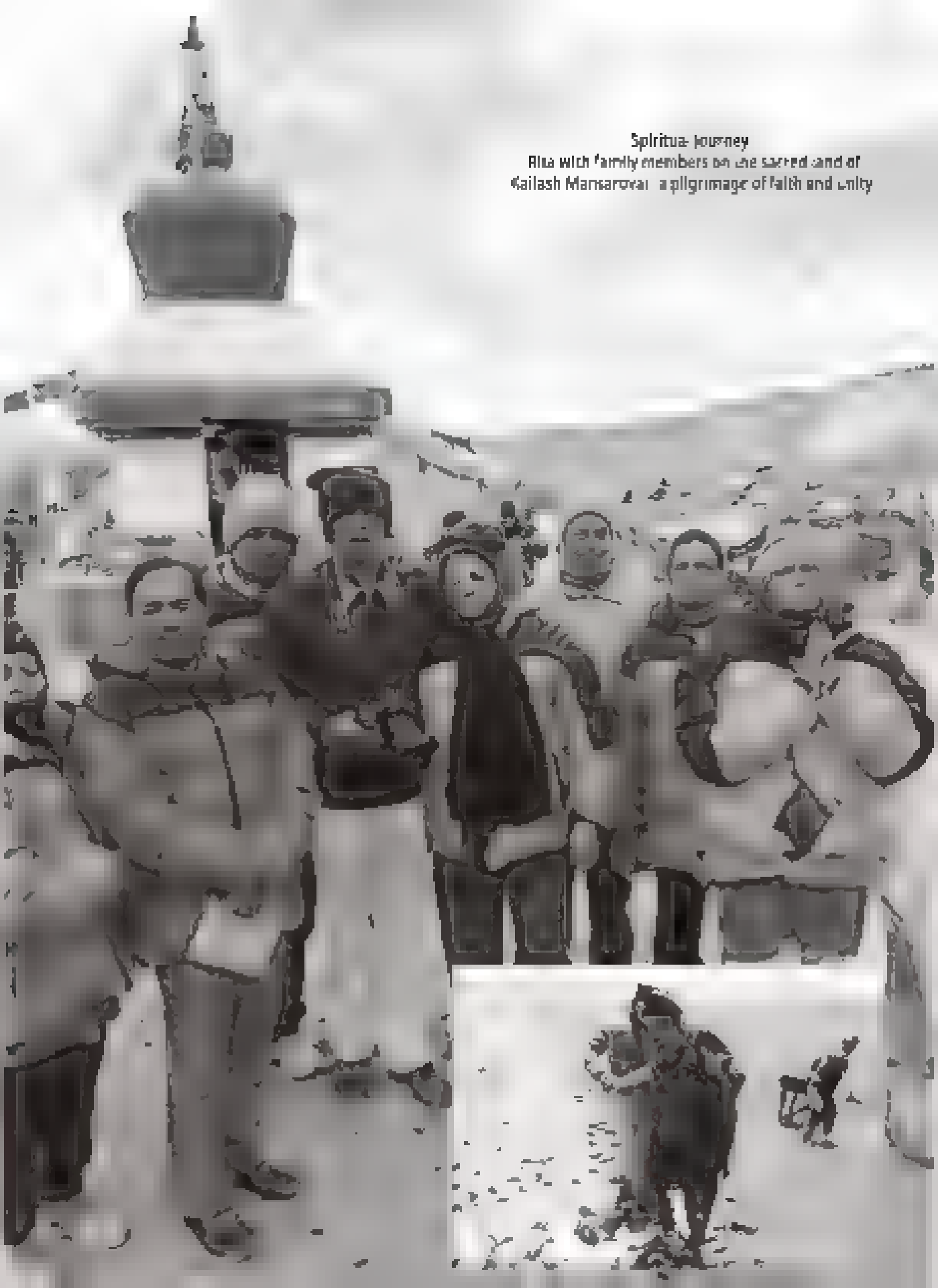
In 2016, Rita insisted that we go to Kailash Mansarovar (across region in Tibet that includes home of Lord Shiva, Mount Kailash and Lake Mansarovar). Kailash Mansarovar is located 6,600 meters above sea level. The air becomes thin, and breathing is difficult. Despite my reluctance, Rita's immense faith in Lord Shiva melted my heart. On 4th May 2016 Rita (elder sister-in-law)

Family traditions: The Doshi family during the Ganesha festival, immersed in devotion and togetherness



Spiritual Journey

Rita with family members on the sacred land of Kailash Mansarovar - a pilgrimage of faith and unity



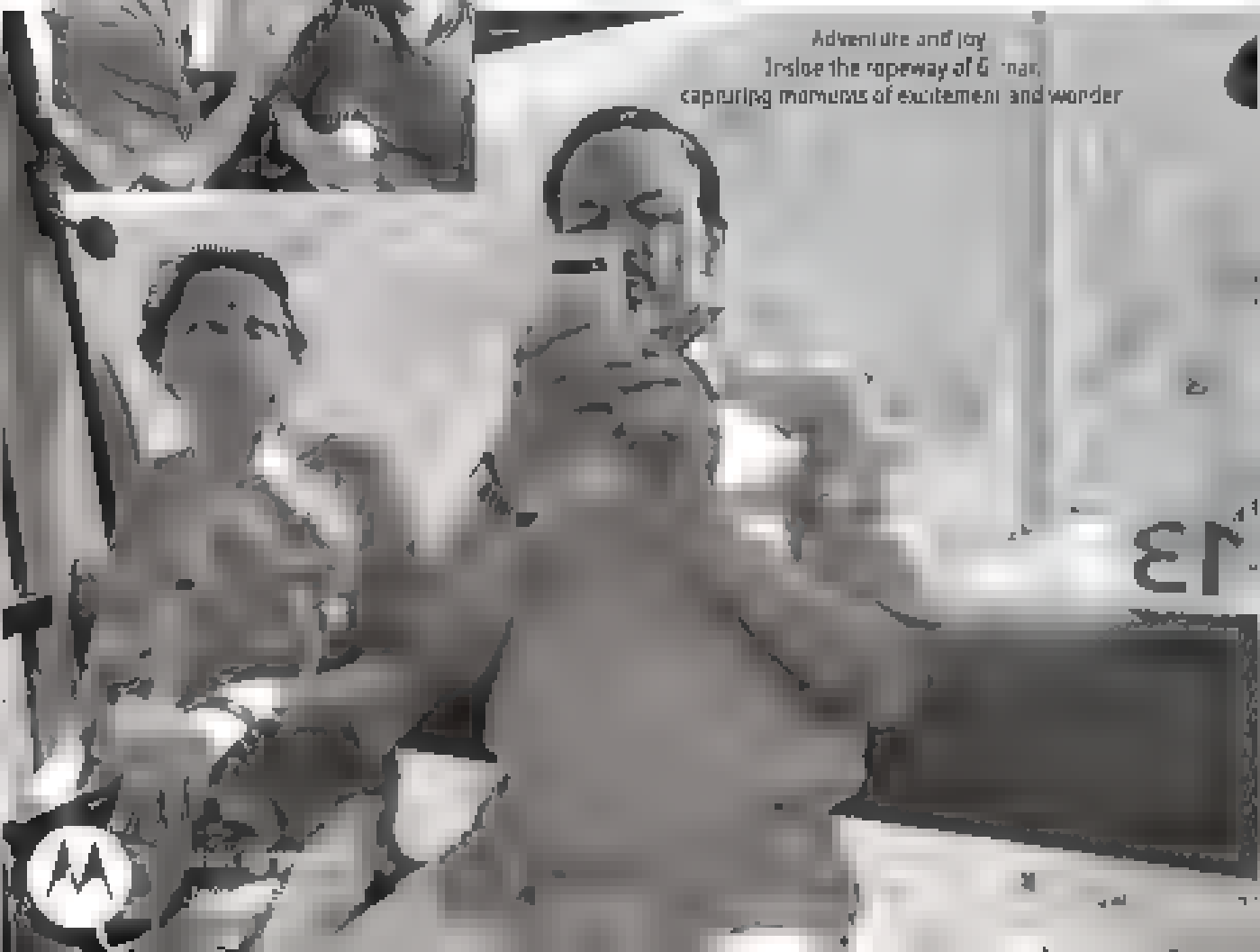
John A. and Margaret Joseph Burroughs and John Joseph with Margaret Cousins were in Manhattan in 1917, only a year after the completion of the first and only experimental refinery in the world. John and Margaret Burroughs had been in Mexico since 1906.

At the beginning of 2011, in the presence of my college friends who were visiting my farmhouse in the lap of winter every week, Rila proposed that we should do the twelve ice climbing ascents that wouldn't end, he said, but immediately Rila said, "Why it will

ake you behind me and has exactly what happened by the end of 2014, we along with five friends and their wives, visited eleven jyotirlingas - Upnath, Nageshwar, Shmashankar, Ambakeshwar, Gushneshwar, Badvanech, Malakarkeshwar, Omkarkeshwar, Kashyapeshwar, Bameshwaram and Mallikarjuna.

[illegible]

Adventure and joy
Inside the ropeway of G. Man,
capturing moments of excitement and wonder.



arranged and ready and the religious ceremony was arranged. Sakshintha from the group took a truck to Kumbhari. After about 22 hours of winding through ghats and valleys, after a long drive, we reached Tumkur. The local people helped us as we were lost several times and we finally reached Badrinath and headed home, returning on October 22nd.

The 'roadway' for Jinnah was inaugurated on October 24th, 2016. Following Riza's immense wish, we started using the 'roadway' and would spend the night with family and friends at Ungram Asha, building devoted to religious or charitable purposes and the Jain Temple at Jinnah. We made three special trips to Amba, specifically to have lunch together. Riza, who had immense faith in Mahadev, shared a deep affection for Jinnah. The 'Parikrama' (circumambulation) of Jinnah regions on the 11th day of the first month in the Gujarati calendar at Kinnor Rite wanted to spend the night at the location. One of my friends from Junagadh, Mahesh Mehta, was running a temporary camp of 'trekkers' during the 2020 Parikrama in November 2021, and our friends Bhikhu and Nana stayed there for months, arranging a special tent and a table block for convenience. During the year, we all also performed 'parikrama' in Jinnah and the place known as Gunarikshapur (Pur in Gujarati).

On February 23rd, 2022, Riza and we went to 'Mugli' temple in Junagadh. Raza and Pawlour, a Jain priest, image artist in Rajadhat, Gandhinagar, were working on the Parshwanath in Rajwadi. Raza was evident and joined the Jain priest to perform the puja. Together we applied sandalwood on the idol of Lord Parshwanath on its right and left arms, head, forehead, throat, neck, and nose. Riza's joy was immeasurable. After completing the five-day pilgrimage, we returned home.

This safe return from every trip with Riza had now become a habit for me. When sharing her wishes or first words, I echo as through infinity, resonating in my mind: "Rajona."

- "Ey! Rajbha, please come, won't the tea get cold?"
- "Ey! Rajbha, call Shwetuda, let's have tennis friends..."
- "Ey! Rajbha, what will you eat in the evening?"
- "Ey! Rajbha, let's go for a walk somewhere."
- "Shall we bring Ganesh home? Rajbha?"
- "Rajbha, what if we also have wadi (farmhouse)?"
- "Rajbha, let's go visit Uwevi (yotirajgus)?"
- "Rajbha, Rajbha, Rajbha..."

In the evening of April 10, 2022, when I returned home from the factory, Riza said, "Rajbha, elder brother Kishor says you should go to a hill station like Mussoorie for a fortnight in this summer."

Riza's diet had changed since March 20th and didn't feel she needed to go to Mussoorie at all to ease her gastric troubles, had improved significantly. However, upon hearing the announcement, I realized I wouldn't bring myself to avoid going to Mussoorie. I wouldn't

and I will definitely be visiting you at this time (just as I did Karim, Bina, and the others) and I intend to see you in the Dehli area, demanding at April 15, 2027, to (p. 100) of the people including my friends and their spouses.

The age of 30 is often considered the peak of youth. You've even at that age. Bina took on the responsibility of caring for us, as if she were our mothers, always with a smile. Rarely does one encounter someone like Kila. A turning point. After 16 years and five months of married life, my Jeew took his physical departure. The words written by someone at the time of her physical departure became mine.

O Jeew

you have made mistakes
but you have turned them into accomplishment by making them
have forgotten.
but you have written the history
have committed crimes
but you forgave me without judging me
have lied.
but you have chosen to pretend that it is the truth
I have often been agitated,
yet each time you gently soothe me with your calming presence
have made you mine
and you, in turn, have made everything ours
I may have neglected you at times,
yet you patiently continue to await my acceptance
no one else, not even Purnagiri, could do what you have done
it's just that you shouldn't leave like this my Jeew.

Jeey

You are not before me nor are you near

yet you are ever-present

Your presence is felt

and your sweet voice, 'Rajbha' echoes in my ears

In the rising dawn or the setting dusk, in the twinkling stars

above or the clouds surrounding the sky

I see the hues of your love, your companionship, your light and your warmth

feel the void of life without you.

The color of your love is overflowing.

Wherever my gaze lands, is filled with your memories.

Your memories pour from my eyes, spilling over in tears

O Jeey, the only imperfection in our love was that you did not stay forever

or perhaps Mahadev grew envious of our bond.

If you ever meet Mahadev, ask him what fault bore

✍️ Rajesh Doshi (Rajbha)
12.01.2022



Without you, the sun rose,
but the sky remained dim,
Without you, the flowers bloomed,
yearning eyes grew dry.
Without you, songs filled the air,
but my song fell silent
Without you, the jasmine opened,
but its fragrance faded away
Without you,
without you.
let me not say anything more
to whom should I even speak,
when it's all forgotten
without you?



INDEX

Doshi: Family and Rita Doshi:

'Our Rita had all the aptitude not only to play the respect of her elders, but also made it her motto to "be a expert!" These words were spoken by Devyani Doshi, the eldest member of the Doshi family.

17 April, 2022

On the morning of April 17, 2022, after the security check at Rajkot airport, Ramesh and Rita along with their other couple friends reached the lounge and everyone appeared relaxed.

18 April, 2022

That morning, from the window of the luxurious room at Hotel Padmini Nilwas, Ramesh Doshi gazed at the lush green scenery. Mustache his eyes captivated by its beauty.

19 April 2022

Technically, that was the third day of this and Ramesh Doshi's trip to Kutch. Along with their close circle of friends, however, they had only spent two nights in this idyllic and enchanting dry so far.

20 April, 2022

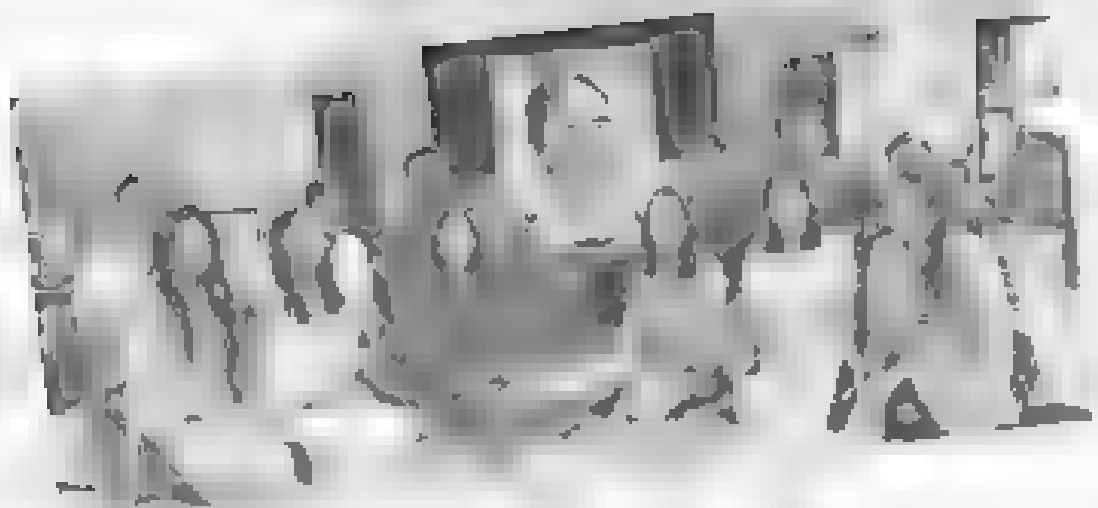
After enjoying a delicious breakfast, everyone gathered at the grounds of Padmini Nilwas Hotel. That day marked the birthday of Manish Mehra's wife, Puja, and everyone was taking photos in various poses to commemorate the occasion.

21 April, 2022

It was a quarter to midnight, and the date had officially turned to a new day. Hastimohan Menavadar lay on the couple bed in his room at the Kangasadan hotel in Haridwar, while his wife, Madhu, was wiping the kharas after washing them in the wash basin.

Twenty-seven hours and later

'Please arrange an ambulance for us—the one who was your life, the one who took their last breath in your lap—no matter how profound the grief, the bereaved must bury their pain and gather the strength to move forward under the crushing weight of circumstances.



and

Bagasara

Settled down in the Amreli district, with a population of barely forty thousand, was granted the status of a municipality in 2022, one can scarcely imagine what it was like back in the 1960s. At that time, Bagasara was a government town. On September 10, 1965, a meteorite fell just a few miles west of Bagasara. The night it was seen as a streak of light, followed by a bright fireball, was an event. She was named 'Rita'. At that time, no one could have imagined that its abode of light would grow to become such a resplendent source of light in her 50 years of life, illuminating the lives of many, not just within the Ushi and Hanthamya families but far beyond!

The Panchbhayaniya was a family of six, and when the youngest daughter was born, however small, it was just over fifty years ago. The family were not distinguished by financial means, but by intelligence and more emotions. Har Panchbhayaniya, the father of seven children, including Rita, was in the world of wages while her mother Kanchan often looked for big events and occasions. Kanchan was a talented cook and it seemed that her skill was passed down to her daughters, as all of them, including Rita, became proficient in the art of cooking. Though their financial situation was modest, Har and Kanchan were determined that their children should be educated. They did their best to provide for all seven of them. Among them, the youngest daughter, Rita, proved to be the most academically gifted. She completed her

primary studies at the Government Girls School in Bagasara and later attended Laverchari Maghar High School in Bagasara, where she completed her education up to the twelfth standard in higher secondary.

It was perhaps the work of a woman that Rina found so intriguing, in a way, for an almost identical to her older sister Madhu. Many people who saw them together would ask Madhu if Rina was her daughter. Madhu would happily explain that Rina was in fact her younger sister.

[illegible]

in the 1930s and his life in a village. A small town was going on and another was waiting for her homework after school, then gather with her neighbor good friends in the corridor, play and take walks in the 'bazaar'. However Rishi, along with her friends, would go to the Dharamshala. It held devoted, religious or charitable purposes. Next to their house every day inside the premises of the Dharamshala was a temple dedicated to Jageshwar Mahadev. Rishi's routine sits on the temple slowly transformed into a deep love for Mahadev, much like Meera's love for Krishna. Rishi herself was unaware of how Mahadev gradually became an integral part of her life. Around the same time her cousin Manendra Panthonyia moved Mumbai, who had an interest and studied mathematics, examined Rishi's talent. After studying for a year said, "Rishi, you will become a great mathematician." Rishi's love and interest for mathematics grew, other were education.

While the crop, if any, may have brought joy to Hita's parents, brothers, and sisters, it was only Mahadev who was certain that it would bring him the only truly extraordinary way

Aditya grew up always being the child who got into trouble when a girl or boy was in trouble. He took shame. Rila, the youngest daughter of the Amr family, was once a brave and daring girl. This was evident in her teenage years. Once Rila was returning from watching the movie Kala (1987) at Nagasara's Amr, a movie theatre with her half-sister friends, including Hansa and Kirti, who, a young man mischievously shouted at them, "Do you go to see Kala?"

© 1998 by John Wiley & Sons, Inc. All rights reserved. This publication is a registered trademark of John Wiley & Sons, Inc.

Deceased Bonds
Haril and Kanchan Janchariya.
 Aile's parents, who brought warmth to the family.

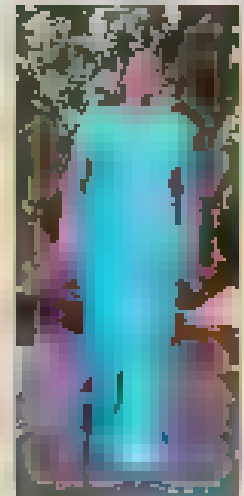
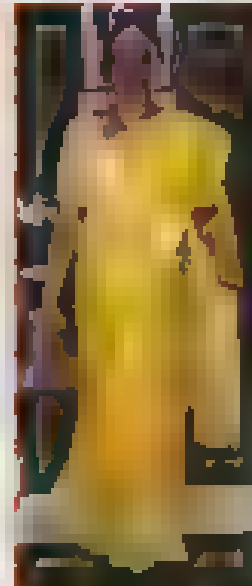
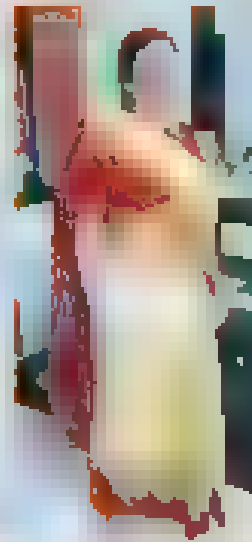


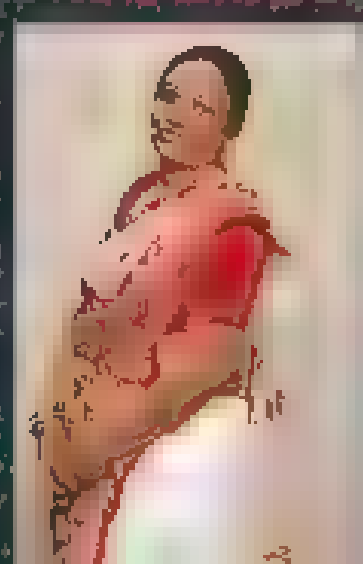
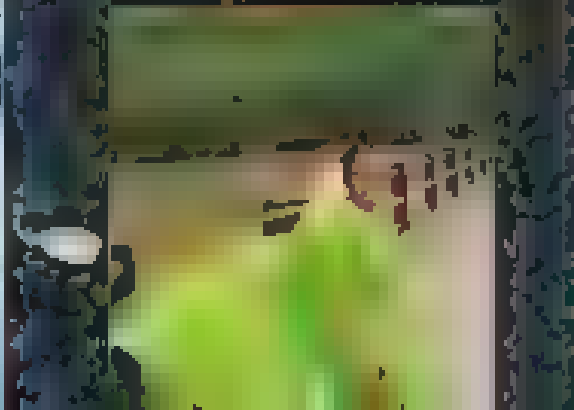
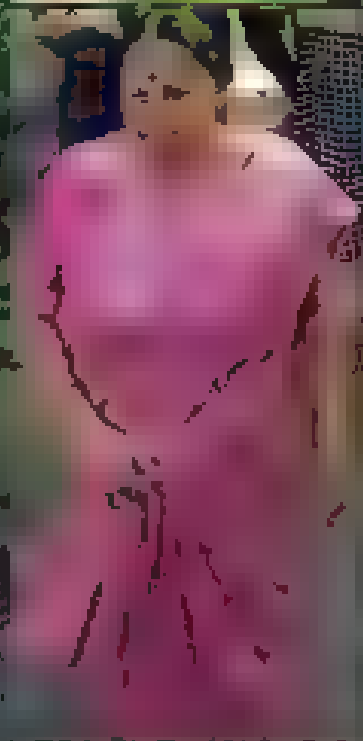
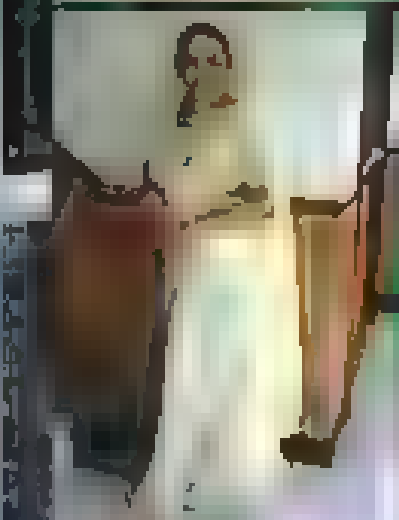
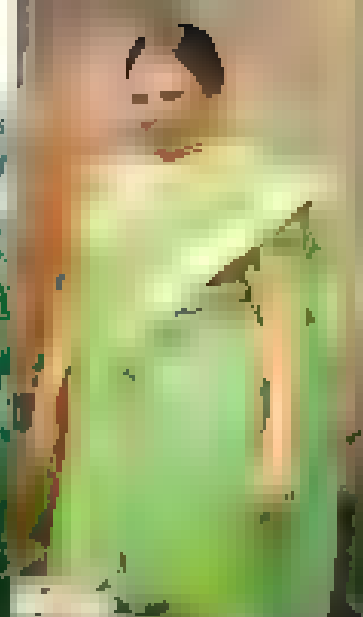
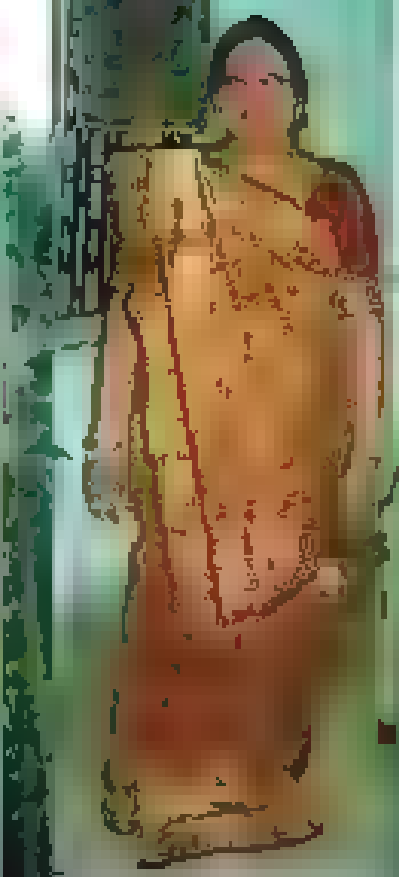
Heirs of the Family
Kanval and Champa Doshi.
 embodying wisdom, grace, and love.

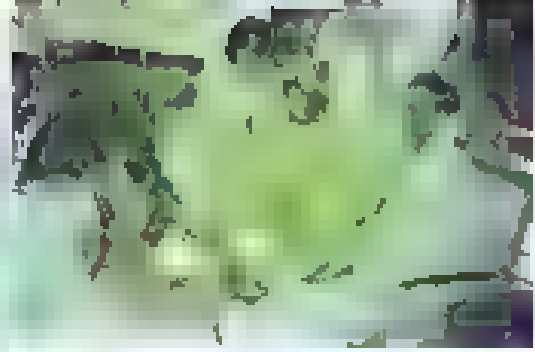
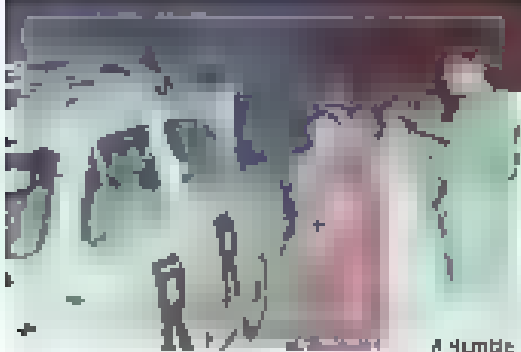


A legacy of love
Chandrabani and Shrushti
 a couple who added joy and harmony to the family.

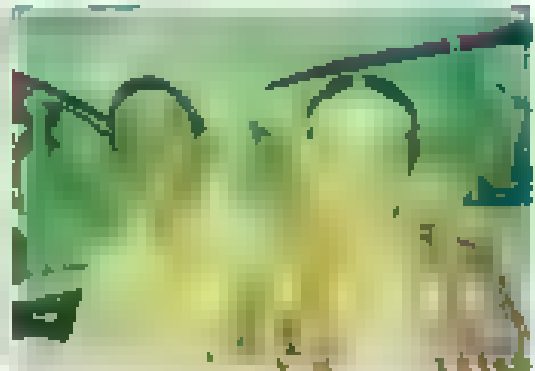
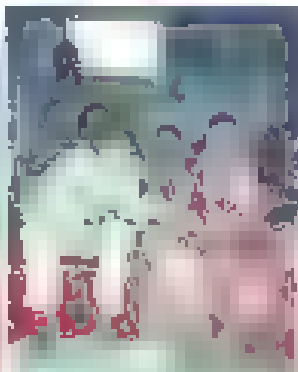
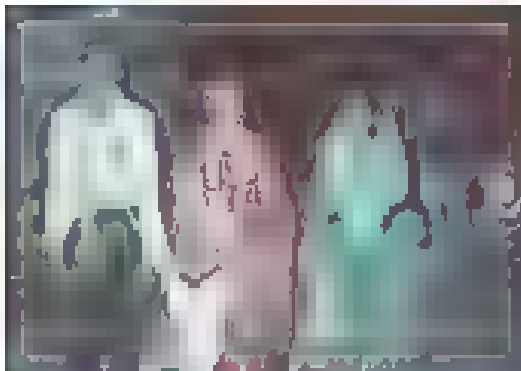
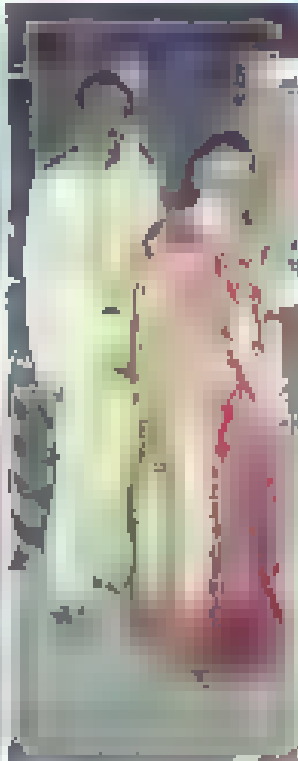








A humble
beginning
The family of
Raymond and
wedding in 1955.
marking the start of a
beautiful journey
together



meaning 'dark' (colored or 'black') while as her friends remained silent, the young man was stunned by Kuta's quick wit.

In 1988, when all her friends were getting married and in presence of standing the Akas, an only unmarried daughter in the Panchamiya family. The very provision was made for her to be married. Shrut, married Chandrakant, the eldest son of Nanasa and Champa Doshi from Manavadar. The following year, in 1989, Chandrakant's younger brother, Kishor Doshi married Nita, the daughter of Manu and Shashnakamdar, residents of Porbandar.

In 1995, when the family got together with the younger generation, the great-grandfather, Shrut, the youngest daughter in the Panchamiya family, said to her nephew Rajoo Doshi, the only son of Kanchan (Kanchanll), the daughter of Panchamiya, embracing her daughter and holding her close, "even though our entire house is empty."



Rita moved at the age of three to Manavadar from where she remained a daughter-in-law. By just twenty years old, she was already asked with numerous responsibilities. The Doshi family, the entire, consisted of an elderly mother-in-law and father-in-law, a widowed elder brother-in-law, Chandrakant, and a nine-and-three-quarter-year-old niece (who would later become a daughter-in-law) named Krushboo. Her two sisters-in-law were undeniably like sisters to her, but at the time, Raju was only seventeen years old, while the youngest, Shanti, was not yet three. When Rajoo and Rita married, Kishor, her brother-in-law who worked as a government employee and his wife Mira were living in Brujwagar. The elder brother-in-law, Chandrakant Doshi, worked at the State Bank of India and was older than married with a daughter. Mirawati Doshi was the only working female and made the newly-married family a success.

Thus, Rita Doshi became an integral member of the family and the entire decade was marked by hard work and struggle for Rajoo Doshi. From 1986 to 1994 (eight years), Rajoo Doshi (Rajoo Engineers) was an employee of a private firm with a stipend. The daughter-in-law, Kanchan, however, began working while the job was ready for joining. Manavadar as a base was no longer sufficient. In 1994, it was decided that Rajoo Engineers needed to grow and the root had to be planted in Rajkot itself.

While the focus during these years was naturally on the

daughter's bonds
knew that Rita
shared more
traits with their
mother
Kanchan than
with their
father. Her

success and struggles of Rajoo and Chandrakant in making Rajoo Engineers a strong, successful business. What often got overlooked was that throughout this time all the responsibilities of the Joshi family rested on Rita's shoulders. Who was only twenty years old when she assumed these duties. Quietly and gracefully, undoubtedly, as time passed, her age increased, but her determination to take care of her family remained unshaken.

For the first five years after joining her in-laws, Rita made most of the family decisions at the Joshi family's 'bazaariya' house in Manavadar until 1988. Jeyanti, the eldest daughter-in-law, joined the family, but even then many of the decisions and responsibilities remained on Rita's shoulders. During this time, Rajoo's sister, Sita, and her son, Rajoo, got married. Rita also took great joy in organizing the marriages of Chushoba, the daughter of London-based Kant Joshi, the joint brother of the Joshi family in 2008, as well as Kishorji, Rajoo's brother-in-law in 2014. All of them were celebrated with much grandeur.

Rita never felt weighed down by the responsibilities. On the contrary, she always stepped forward and took on every responsibility and service with grace. She also took on the responsibility of organizing the engagement and marriage of Ipsana and Mansi, the daughters of her elder brother, Bipin Panchamiya. Later, after the sudden death of her neighbor, Jayant, anson from Manavadar, she considered her duty to take care of her marriage of Jayant's daughter, Shivika, to Pankaj, the son of Jayant's brother, Rajoo. She took care of Shivika and Pankaj's education, health, and the responsibilities of Jayant's estate. She took care of Shivika's education and health, and the responsibilities of Jayant's estate. She took care of Shivika's education and health, and the responsibilities of Jayant's estate.

While weddings are often associated with joy, excitement, and celebration, the underlying challenges are sometimes overlooked. In Rita's case, it is important to remember that during this time, her son, Rajoo, born in 1995, faced significant physical health problems until 2000. Rita mostly managed these challenges on her own, as Rajoo required her constant care, which led her to live separately from Rajoo's mother, Sita, and her husband, Rajoo. By the time Rajoo turned three, he had gained some weight and was able to walk. By the time Rajoo turned five, he had gained some weight and was able to walk. By the time Rajoo turned five, he had gained some weight and was able to walk. By the time Rajoo turned five, he had gained some weight and was able to walk.



For 22 years after her marriage until 2010, Rita lived in Manavadar, where Rajoo spent only three years (from 1997 to 2000) with his mother. During the seventeen-year span between 2000 and 2017, Rajoo, along with Kishorji, moved to Vadod to live in Shrutina. For the previous thirteen years, Rajoo Joshi had been commuting regularly between Vadod and Manavadar.

During these years it was not that the Doshi family was distant from Rita. Every weekend the entire Doshi family would come to Manavadar or Kila Bhathhi. Hkarsh and Krut would visit Rajkot. In every small vacation, all the children would gather in Manavadar because the car owned by Rita Doshi was also the beloved jeep/sou for the Doshi family. As Jisav Doshi says, "There was only one rule – Aunt Rita's household – that we as you would be a family!"

During the twenty-six years in Manavadar, in addition to caring for Krut and Jitkarsh, Rita was also responsible for the development and operations of Jainistav School. After Nanaaji Doshi's death in 1984, the legacy of the Doshi family continued through Champa (who passed away in 2001), who also stayed with Rita in Manavadar. Like Rita, Champa also had a deep affection for Manavadar. In the last eight years of her life, she suffered three leg injuries and, as a result, became bedridden. During the last year of her life, even with this disability, she was still able to open her eyes and see the world, often going to know the world in her mind. Through this time, Rita is heavily grieved for her mother-in-law, Champa, as well as her own mother, Khatun. Khatun, who also came to live in Manavadar with her son Bhavn, fell ill with a gangly condition for some

time since Rita's. Rita continuously took care of her elder brother, Bipin. Yet, he understood the truth – that Rita left this world without ever receiving the care she so selflessly gave to others.



"But Rita had all the love she not only kept for herself, for her elders, but also made others maintain their respect."

These words from Devyani Doshi, the eldest member of the Doshi family, echo in your ears, for your attention are drawn to an absolutely fascinating life-sized portrait of Rita Doshi, displayed in the large drawing room of the bungalow Shrutana. The picture, taken by photographer Mahendra Rathod at daughter Karishma's wedding in 2007, is so vivid that it feels as though Rita is speaking to you with warmth any moment now.

Devyani continues, "She was incredibly talented. She kept in touch with everyone. If someone wanted to go to Haridwar, she would call ahead and make arrangements for puja and aarti. Hindu ritual that involves waving a flame or lamp in front of a deity as a sign of devotion. Where she was able to learn everywhere and accomplish all the tasks."

"And our Rita would tackle and manage everyone with

the
your just
daughter of the
family was bold,
brave and
daring - traits
that we see
evident in her
teenage years.

intimacy and warmth at the moment. They also eat meals together. If one is late the other invariably waits but both always have breakfast and meals together. This was the routine after Kajiushi moved from Maravadar to Rakot. Kira has only three relatives here with two people, one is Rakoto Woshi, and the other is her elder sister Kawasa Woshi. Kishor Woshi highlights the affection between the two of them with pseudonyms. After Rakoto, if anyone misses Kira, it is Kajiushi.

Nita and Rita would go to the market every day, so on their way home and even while resting in the evening, where they enjoy walnuts and almonds, Nita says, "Rita was a very lively person, always mixing with everyone and liked to talk. She was so talkative that when people saw us together they often asked us this: 'What's your elder sister's name?'"

Recently Rita had a fight with her mother because she said Rita looked older than she was. Rita said, "My mother is older than I am, so why am I not like her? She was emotional, funny, and kind, just like an older sister or mother!"

Kant - Pillai, a Londoner originally from Manavadar, is regarded as the fourth brother by the entire Doshi family. He married one of his daughter in Manavadar, and Rina and Rajoo Doshi were all his grandchildren. After marriage arrangements, Kant and his wife moved to London in 1986. He was married to Rina and Rina was always away from him as what he likes Indian food. He once said to his daughter, says "I've married my girl, but my wife Marquie and I are probably because we are so wealthy everyone has we don't want to travel"

Whenever Kant stayed in Rajkot Hita and Rajoo would always insist on one thing for sure. Kant recalls, "They would insist only on one thing. At the time Mar. 1967 ended, we would leave Rajkot. They even threatened to leave me a little longer at Rajkot."

As part of her deprogramming it was mandatory for her to call Karl and Maureen on a regular basis to keep in touch. They would talk about everything, insisting on visiting each other, sharing updates, and that if anything new would happen, that they would talk to each other first. Within a relative days, even when in Dubai, in the world of Muslims and with their friends, Rita also kept them in the loop and encouraged all the good stuff to just go. We are planning a visit soon with another friend and his spouse.

Mum was absolutely certain in her customs and worldly affairs, efficiently balancing her work with pragmatism. After Rina

For R, a Dost
and the children
of the Dost
family were
beloved, and
that is why she
gave those
nicknames and
always called
them by those
names.

Rita Doshi

leads to divorce. For Maharaj dismissed her concern, but in the future the couple indeed divorced. Similarly when Rita noticed the lasting attachment of an old woman to a particular place she remarked that this attachment would "aim" at her. In fact indeed the old woman passed away there.

Rita would offer a lot of spiritual significance but not identify it as her "path" or her "way". After moving to the wadi in Haridwar in 1961, Rajan and Rita continued to use where their car is always used. Instead of staying in a closed room, Rita kept both her bed and Rajan's bed in an open area. The guards warned her not to take the risk as cobwebs roamed the area at night. Rita's only response always was, "Pancham is not going to become Chhasth for anyone anytime." This saying reflects her belief that certain events, particularly death, are predestined and cannot be changed by time or circumstance. She would add, "We will sleep here open" showing her fearless attitude and unwavering confidence in the face of danger. Her words evoked deep conviction in the inevitability of fate where no matter what the risks, what the meaning, couple will sleep in the open house until it will be the age.

Whenever danger was mentioned, Rita would reply with the same phrase "Pancham is a 'fifth day' of the lunar fortnight in the Hindu calendar. It is not going to become Chhasth (sixth day of the lunar fortnight in the Hindu calendar) for anyone anytime." Her passing occurred on day Chhasthavad Pancham, the fifth day of the Chhasthavad, which according to the Gujarati lunar calendar and Chhasthavad exactly one hour before the Pancham time ended. The precise alignment of events with the time and date, reinforced her belief that if something is destined, the Pancham cannot change. Chhasth Vadik is a Hindu term, a prophetic signifier of her words. Her passing on this specific day serves as a poignant reflection of her faith in a predetermined inevitability of life's course.

The Das couple and their friends endured three days of stormy weather in Kedar Nath with the ever-drifting clouds. Dhamadharm, the only one to escape. When Rajan and Rita were returning to Shakti, from their trip, they were staying in a room. Rita's childhood friend dear Auntie was inquiring about her well being. Rita asked "We are not such holy souls that we can find salvation at the feet of Kedarnath Baba. So we returned in the same condition as when left."

Rita breathed her last in Haridwar, the land of Mahadev, a place where her wish was to visit that place in her previous visit. By

Why did Rita use the words "last time"?
Was she sensing something happening in the future?
The answer is yes

Following the events of 1991, as Rita had predicted, the Mahadev proved to Rita and others that she was indeed a *charysuta*.

Some questions don't require answers as the questions themselves are the answer.

Mom saw my dad on the eighth day after my birth. Jus = d his father Hajoo Joshi who was thought of as and his mother Nita who was eloquent in speech when Ilkarsh was born in 1995. Nita was unconscious due to the anesthesia from a cesarean section. Ilkarsh had to be taken to Hajoo for further treatment. At that time Hajoo Jos = d entered the closed railway gate in Jetpur nearby by bringing Ilkarsh in Hajoo for treatment and as a result he could see Ilkarsh's face only on the eighth day.

When analysing the personalities of his parents, Akkash Doshi says, 'Dad was excellent at taking on challenging projects while Mum was proficient at calming the situation and seeing it through to completion.'

When an elderly person is diagnosed with a chronic illness, the doctor usually recommends a change in diet and lifestyle. In the case of Rajoo Doshi, the doctor's advice was to eat a diet rich in protein and calcium, and to exercise regularly. Rajoo Doshi, who is 75 years old, has been suffering from a chronic illness for several years. She has been advised to eat a diet rich in protein and calcium, and to exercise regularly. She has been advised to eat a diet rich in protein and calcium, and to exercise regularly. She has been advised to eat a diet rich in protein and calcium, and to exercise regularly.

"She never appeared to be doing anything but of for the or without genuine interest. It was how her son-in-law, Ninian Rappa, related to his mother-in-law whom he affectionately named Nani Bai. He felt no burden in living with her and often jokingly expressed his wish to have a third son who could take her Sandhya's career as a doctor. She Gujarati didn't. Although, Rita Bai never joined the Rajdhani as a sister-in-law, she was not a stranger. Aunty Bai always loved her and was not a bit of money as a daughter-in-law. But what could it say? Say early, on one morning, she would do. Rita Bai remained in daily contact with all her loved ones. Khushboo, Mrs. Kamshma, the girls, Kant, and from under the eaves, children. He was also he'd go home. She used to make about fifty calls a day, staying constantly connected with everyone. Chintan remarked, it takes love and a sense of responsibility to do this. Something Rita Bai had in

abundantly”

“It was rare for me to meet Maa Mum in person, but we spoke regularly on the phone and I always felt like my mother was concerned about me and missing me from back home. These are a few of Anki’s (that’s my father’s sister) jawan sapas and Ritu’s (that’s my mother’s younger brother) memories. Anki Shah went to work in Los Angeles immediately after marrying Karsamma. Ritu was temporarily working abroad in Rajkot. Whenever Ritu called, she would say ‘In America, you will stay for a very short time and then come back. Anki Shah recalls that Maa Mum was distressed when she found out that he was eating the same food the next day that he had prepared the night before – despite explaining with a lot of emphasis that this was normal in America due to his busy schedule, she would still insist in every video call that he should come back to India soon.”

The impetus for Maa Mum’s emotional reality after her elder parents’ death was that she had encouraged Anki to come back to India, as she now wanted to stay with her dad. Anki also decided that he would settle in Rajkot permanently in October 2022.

Invashti Karish Doshi, with whom Maa had rare personal contact, often spoke with her over the phone to catch up. During their conversations, Ritu would frequently talk about Karsamma. Ritu is the girl who is travelling the length and breadth of India and talks – 24th August 2022. Ritu told me would, however, talk to her about what his mother told her to know the right thing in her own way, which is why she chose the date 29th November for the marriage. It was the same date on which Rajoo and Ritu, Kruti and Chinlan, as well as Chinlan’s Mother Jagru and Father Vijay made so golden married. Invashti shares – am often busy with work and studies for eighteen hours a day but mom doesn’t like this in every phone call, she would tell me ‘You don’t need to work so hard, drop everything now.”

did Manadev prove to Ritu and others that she was indeed a holy soul?”

‘Karte saar hhar do pahar ko main bethe hain’ used to sit with aunt every afternoon – says daughter-in-law Konkana Ulsevi. ‘Jishi in sabhenge rangad Hindu aur aaram se baitha baithe hum jahan bhaya kame me kink sabse jarwah teht aur sach me duse wo sabka zehna karne ki addo bahad mein ane thi. ‘We used to for long hours and talk about so many things. She was always interested about everyone and with a smile I heard she constantly tried to do good for others.’”

Shwetang Monani, the eldest son-in-law of the family, offers an insightful analysis of Konkana Dosh's words. He says, in our house, for every situation, the solution was simple: Rita Aunty. And Rita Aunty had only one person she trusted to handle every little task to assign everything, and that person was me—someone questioned her about assigning the work to me, her answer was always the same: Shwetang is not my son-in-law, he is my son. And do you have to realise or else start giving tasks to your own son? Rita Aunty always referred to me as her son, not her son-in-law.

When Konkana's family went to Leh-Ladakh, Rita was shopping in the Ladakh market. She even bought a gift for Shwetang Monani's sister-in-law. When Shwering tried to stop her, Rita signalled him to stay quiet and bought the gift for his sister-in-law.

When Rita took all the children of the Dosh family to Italy in 2006 to 2007, that was a place like Switzerland. From there, they went to Italy, Malaysia, Thailand and to Singapore to enjoy and find the surest way to live. Her Rita was always shopping for her loved and beloved ones with a wideheart. Konkana Dosh fondly recalls, "We spent every small or big vacation in Manavadar and those were the most memorable days of our lives. I remember Rita Aunty giving a car for us from the factory and we would go there to play hockey. At night we watched movies on a VCR. Whether it was Manavadar or a trip abroad, we kids had the most fun with our uncles and aunts because we could get up to all sorts of mischief."

Rita was fond of wearing genuine make-up, sarees, dresses with matching bangles, ornaments, bangles, and she loved perfumes too. Khushboo Singh says, "You can find sarees or dresses in every colour in Maas. Rita's wardrobe included even a 10% difference in color she must add that colour to her collection!"

It was when she was still in her teens that Rajkumar would go to the gym and keep working out to keep his muscles well-toned. Daughters Kameeta and daughter-in-law Thandi Pillay Dosh always experienced fear when they went shopping with Aunt Rita, they had to carry money or credit cards in their purses because Aunt Rita would spend all her money on shopping, and even then, her shopping spree wouldn't stop.

Again, when dining and drinking, one of Rita's hobbies was playing Teen Patti (Indian Poker) with her. During the "Jeans and T-shirt Festival" event, she and daughter-in-law Thandi Pillay Dosh always experienced fear when they went shopping with Aunt Rita, they had to carry money or credit cards in their purses because Aunt Rita would spend all her money on shopping, and even then, her shopping spree wouldn't stop.

Aside from her love of shopping, Rita had another hobby that left a lasting impression on

he children, both in India and abroad. These treats included Mohanthal (Adadiya Ghat jam in orafai), crispy and sooty chakpease (acy), Havana mixer-fried snacks, Ma da Pur (fried snack made from white flour), khakhra (crispy bread) and chepla (fried bread made with a mix of flour and spices), flavoured make with a mix of flour and spices, Itsav (Ishi recalls, "so many snacks were sent from home, that would distribute them among my friends & classmates at the hostel, that's why my friends were always happy with me!")

Once all the brothers and sisters were eating at the table and speaking in English, Itsav says Pataw (Ishi) took that moment. Aunt ordered, "I won't work if you talk in English while eating." She always spoke her mind, straight to your face, even if we thought someone might be offended, no one even once felt bad about Aunt's stern words or anger. There was always a kind of magical quality to her speech.

This was perhaps the most important thing that happened during my childhood. Manava (Ishi) from 2006 to 2011, he managed Shiksha school and oversaw various educational tasks across different offices. Her efficiency was such that she often handed most of the work over the phone. When Rita lived in Manavadar, it all looked like her rode around the street by a cart, in the hind round, she would grab him by the neck and threaten him so strongly that he would never dare to return. Itai (Ishi) Vishal (Ishi) who lived across from Hira Gung, his childhood, says, "While others stayed silent and tried to quiet, Rita confronted everyone fearlessly without concern for anyone's opinion."

Her bold nature, fearless personality, and determination to solve any challenge earned her the nickname 'Khatok'. While there was a misdeed or carelessness, the way Rita would confront the person responsible led to a sh. Itsav and Pataw (Ishi) lovingly call her 'Gabbar' (the iconic character from the classic Bollywood film Dole, known for being cosunale, headstrong, and stubborn). Despite her tough exterior for those who had never been confronted by her, she was always known as 'Bhabhabhi' in Manavadar. This affectionate term was used by both male and female relatives, including her own brothers and sisters. Itai (Ishi) says, "It's not just how many brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, have!"

3.0.0

Itai (Ishi) says my mother, Rita, had to wait a long time after marriage to experience the happy days. It was the time of the Indian Independence Movement. Rita was married to the Raju (Ishi) who was a police officer and Rita's heart was torn between her love for Raju (Ishi) and her love for the Indian independence movement. Itai (Ishi) says, "It was a very difficult time for my mother. She was a woman of twenty-four years, considering she was a wife, daughter-in-law, aunt, mother and daughter. At that time, Kishor Uncle and Aka Aunt were in Bihar, agar due to their government jobs, and the responsibility of

managing the household in Manavadar till on Mum Rita, There was a probability of an on back the entire today. My mother's illness caused a lot of financial stress and my grandfather Narajal Doshi passed away when the Rajkot family started. In the Rajkot family, had to travel back and forth for nearly three years. He would come home late at night and leave early in the morning. With Ilkarshi, less my mother was had therefore no pain or being apart from her husband daughter Karishma, as the entire Doshi family for fifteen years.

When the factory was still in its semi-commercial stage, my father and Uncle Chandrakant and Baboo would stay at the factory and work during the manufacturing process of the machines adding even more strain on my mother. She had to stay away from her husband because she needed to raise her son. She had to be apart from her daughter, Karishma, because she wanted to provide her with a good education. She also had to care for her mother-in-law Mrs. Namda while raising Karishma and Krunal. My mother Rita lived with constant incompetence, so it's no surprise that she sometimes became touchy, emotional, or a little fierce.

Rita's world revolves around the Das family. Her universe consists of everyone who comes into contact with her, and the center of it all is Rajoo.

Rajni who was busy with his factory and business never thought of taking her mother-in-law seriously. He remembered it all the day as we did not have electricity however Ritu never expressed disappointment and he gave her what she asked for about a week. Rajni says that if I would definitely wear two sarees in "Shringar" she used to make Chakki ki Aasidya every year and feed me one in the morning and one in the evening. It was mandatory. If refused, he mood would be sour. Even if I didn't eat properly or ate less she would feel bad. She knew that I only wanted pakoras, flatbread, made from a mixture of flour, wheat and oil for dinner but every day she would call and ask "Rajniha what should I cook for dinner?" Even though always gave the same answer she still asked. Sometimes I would tell him "Saalhi" was coming home. He'd give me a plate would make Saalhi pickling and vegetables with garlic, and then wait till my husband came at dusk.

Rita was fond of wearing feminine makeup, sarees, dresses with matching saris.

Like any loving couple, Rajoo and Aja had their sweet quarrels and reconciliations. When they were living in Manavazpur, Rajoo expressed a desire for a divorce on his birthday but Rajoo didn't want it. After 10 months, on 100th day after marriage, on 10th Oct 1978, the marriage was annulled and Rajoo and Aja were free to take their own decisions. However, the father prevailed over the husband. On

Rita was fond of wearing feminine makeup, sarees, dresses with matching *sandals*, ornaments, bangles, and she loved perfumes too.

Rita Doshi

continuously. However, despite being far away in America and Bangalore, she kept in daily contact with Rita. Karishma recalls, 'From February 2021, I stayed with Mom for two years, and we grew very close. If she had pain from her gastric issues, she would call me to Shrutha from the office. Like Mom, I am also a devotee of Shiva, and when I mentioned doing the 'Rudrabhishek Vagnai', a sacred vedic ritual performed in worship of Lord Shiva in July, Mom was so happy!'

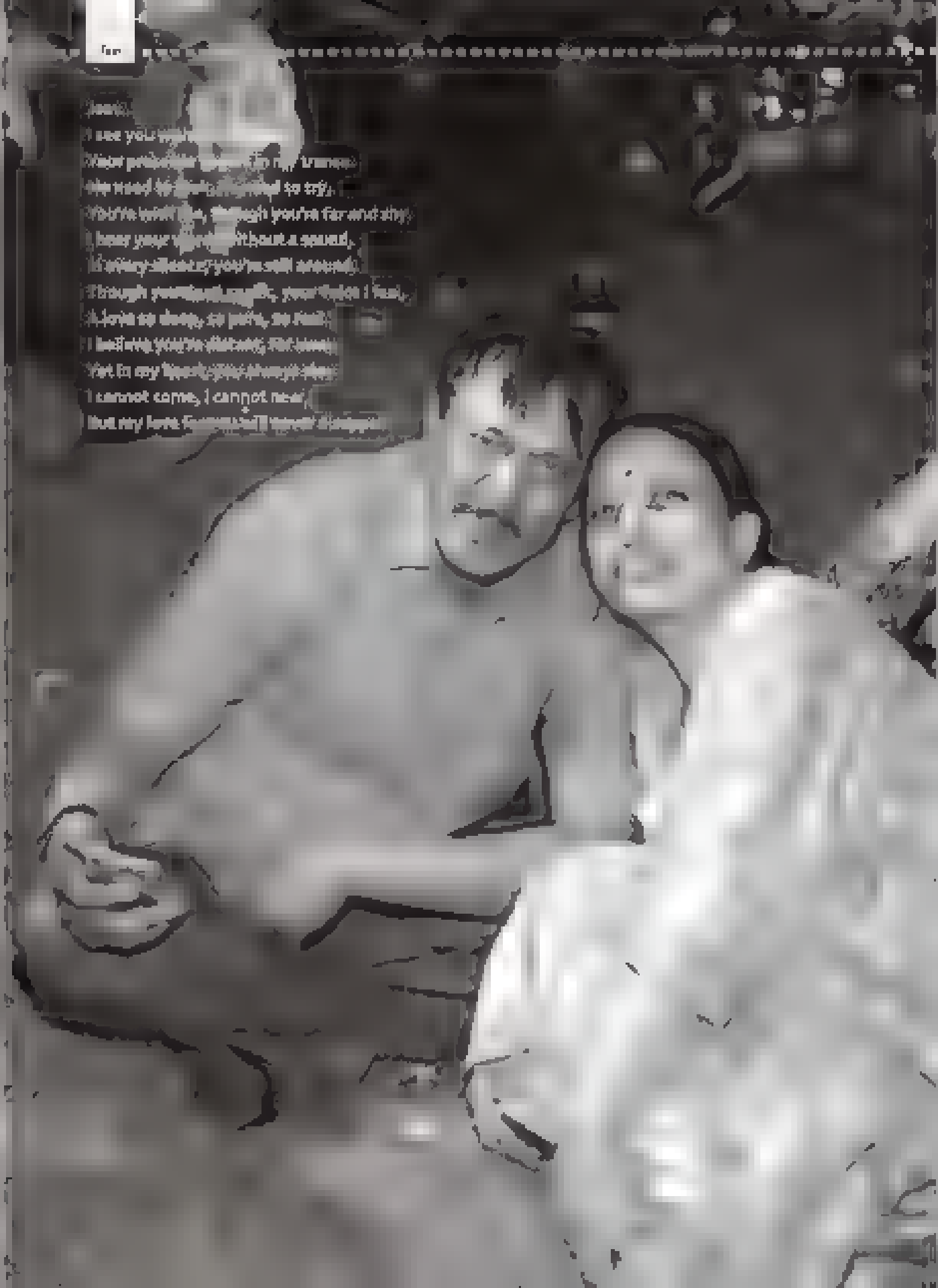
However, when the daughter of Karishma, a devoted Hindu, began working in her office, Rita discovered one day that there was no lamp lit and that the Diya (an oil lamp offered to a deity for divine blessings) wasn't lit. That day, Rita scolded Karishma with affection, and the very next day she gathered materials like a photo frame of Mahadev (Shiva), wicks, an oil container, ghee (clarified butter), incense sticks, and matches for Karishma's office. While packing the belongings that night, she urged Karishma, 'You should set up a lamp in your office tomorrow and start lighting the Diya. By the time I'll fly from Mysore, the temple should be ready in your office!'

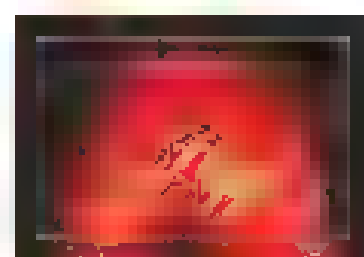
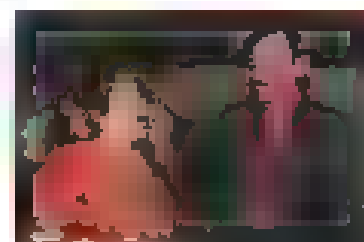
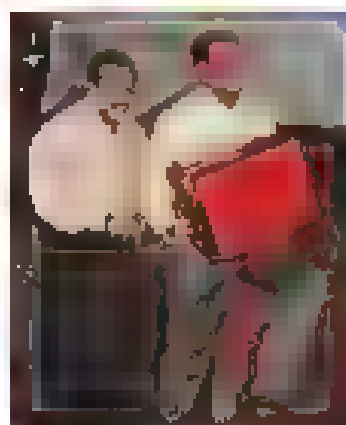
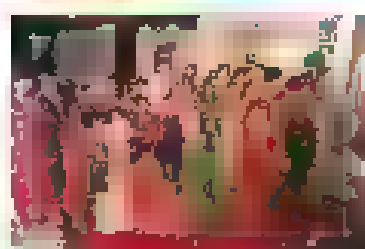
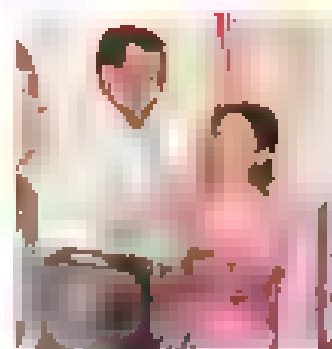
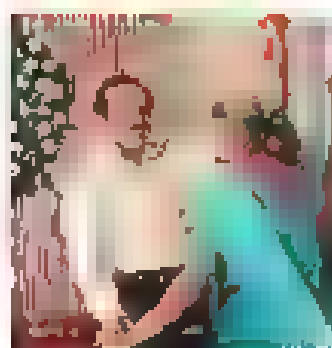
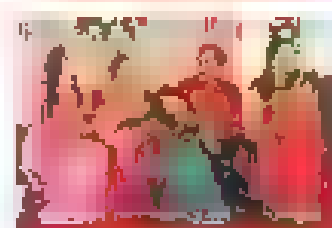
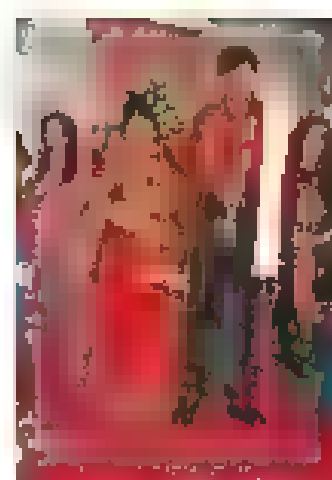
It was the night of April 6, 2022. The next day, Rita and Rajoo were scheduled to leave for Mysore early in the morning.

Final Memories: Before leaving for Mysore on the morning of April 17, Rita's last selfie with her family at 'Shrutha', a precious memory froze in time.



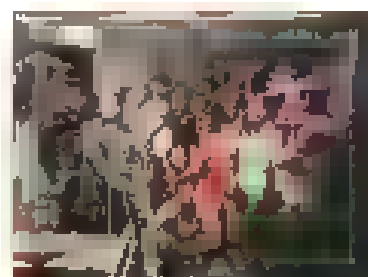
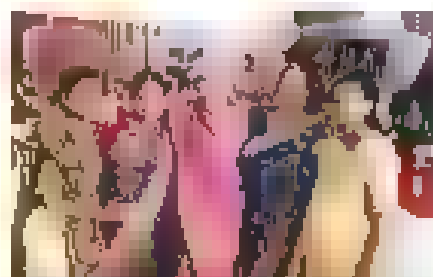
I see you when I close my eyes,
Your presence lives in my dreams.
We need to love, we need to try,
You're with me, though you're far and shy.
I hear your voice without a sound,
It's every where, you're still around.
Through your heart, right, your love I feel,
A love so deep, so pure, so real.
I believe you're waiting far away,
Yet in my heart, you always stay.
I cannot come, I cannot hear,
But my love for you will never disappear.

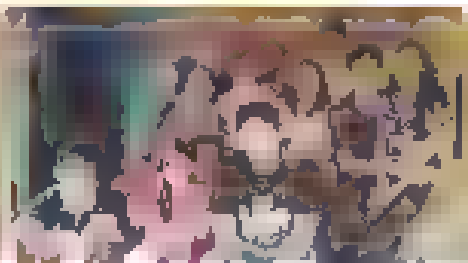
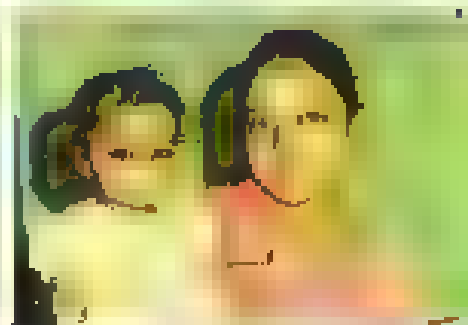
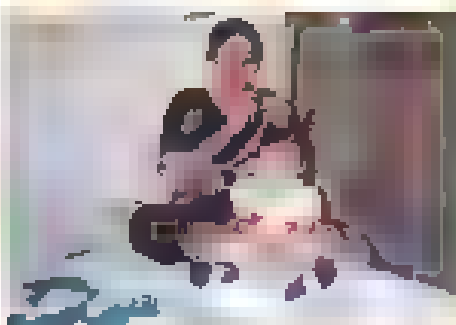
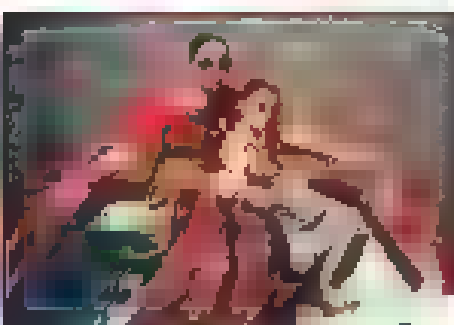
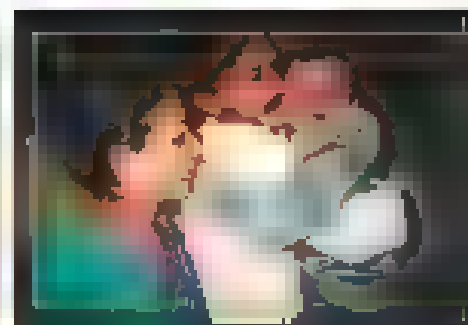
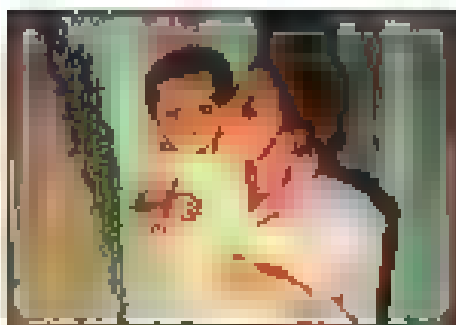
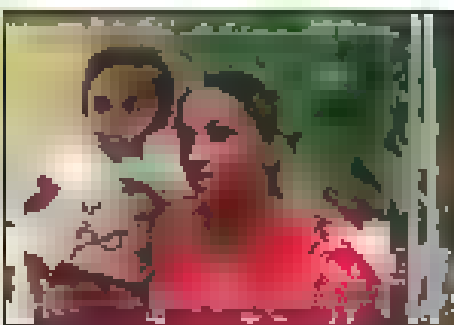




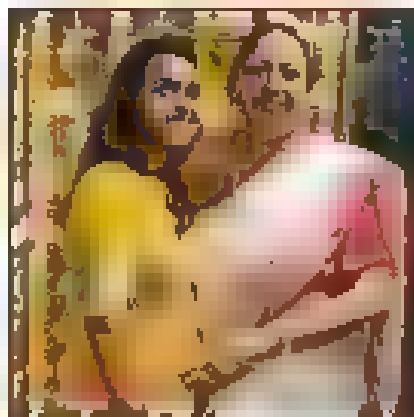
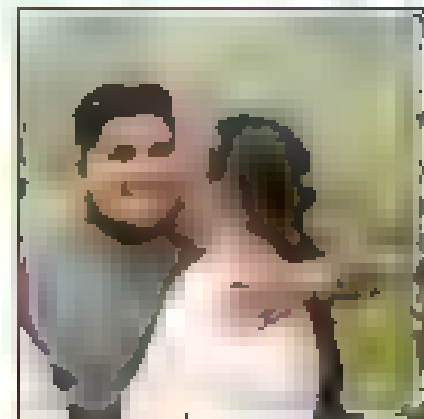
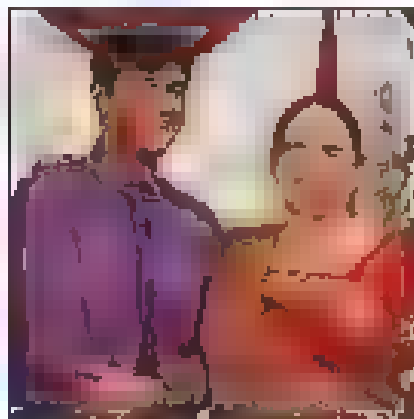
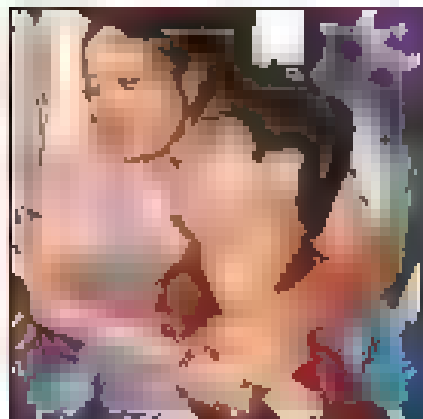
Celebration of 100th
The magnificent celebration
of their 100th Wedding Anniversary,
radiating Nita's happiness and
the joy she shared with Ragesh

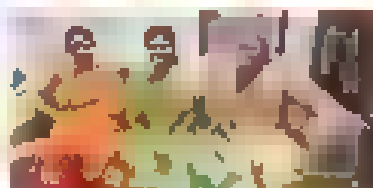
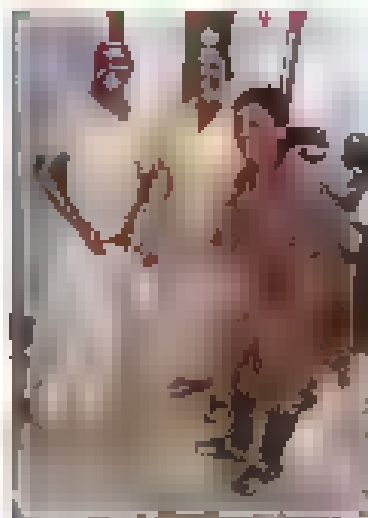
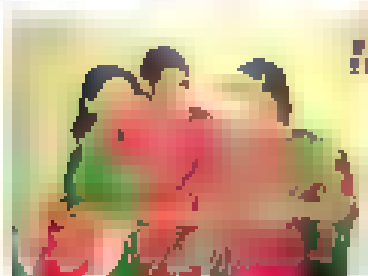
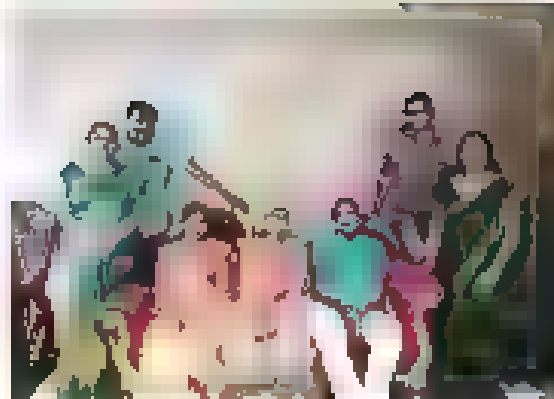
With
Daddy
Family





Family First Rita, the heart of the Doshi family, cherished by every generation.





Sisterly Bond
The line many among the
three sisters-in-law,
as close as the sisters







On the morning of April 20,

after Rajoo had already booked the Ra.401 airfare, Rajoo and Rita along with four other couple friends, reached the lounge and everyone appeared relaxed. However, a small unease lingered in Rita's mind. Jayu and Anup Modi, as well as Ravesh Ganderma and his wife Pushpa, were not with them.

It was common that in most of the airfare people who are in a couple are unable to make up due to one factor or the other. However, today, the absence of Jay and Anup Modi and Rajesh and Pushpa seemed to irritate Rita more than usual. She wanted to discuss this with her husband, Rajoo, in the airport lounge but before the discussion could go further, Sana Dekiwadia interrupted with a comment leaving the conversation about their absence unfinished. As Rita responded to Sana, she suddenly realised that Sana and her husband, Rasik Bhikhra, were joining the trip to Mussoorie either in fact. Rasik's nephew's engagement was scheduled for April 22 and Rajoo had organised the Mussoorie trip from April 20 to 24, 2022. Bhikhra had already mentioned this when Rita called about joining the trip but her immediate response was "Rajoo will figure something out, but you both must come to Mussoorie".

With love she addressed her husband, Rajoo, and then explained the issue regarding Bhikhra and Sana. In that moment, Rajoo swiftly arranged a solution. He called Bhikhra and informed him that rail and flight tickets for both of them had been arranged for April 21 so they could attend the engagement.

Everyone's life at some point. Those who were dead he took to his Parvati, who already familiar with him, but still made a little adjustment in the Bhagavata Purana glorifying every virtue of Krishna. Krishna, as you get glimpse of Chandrakant, got married. Bhavnagar, work as a constable officer for the Gujarat government. After Khushboo was born, son's health began to deteriorate and the entire Doshi family, including Chandrakant, struggled to provide her with the necessary treatment. During his time, only Rajoo remained in Manavadar and Rita made frequent visits to Manavadar for Khushboo's sake. It was during these visits that the bond between Rajoo and Rita gradually reformed.

Rita had unwavering faith and devotion to Mahadev. She visited the Kailash temple regularly in Rajavada every day. One day, in a playful mood, she said to Mahadev, "Om, I see you every day, why don't you come to my house Bhavanath?" That very day, as she returned home from the temple, a snake deity appeared at the threshold of her house, as if Mahadev had answered her call. Although Rajoo didn't believe in such things, he had complete trust in Rita's faith and the sincerity of her stones throughout his life.

"Only Rajoo, as you saw with Rita, this incident was because the deity was there due to the altitude in the Kailash Mansarovar, standing in Tibet. It is a deity home and Shiva, around Karash and Lake Mansarovar, and it might not have suited Rita's health," Rajoo said.

In 2006, when Rita expressed her desire to visit Kailash Mansarovar, Rajoo recommended about the altitude and its potential impact on her health, along with the difficult journey. Professor Gajwani, a doctor and a person who knew Rita's condition, on her journey, stressed Krishna and his wife Nandini had also faced significant challenges during their own trip. Professor Gajwani tried to explain the difficulties of the journey to Rita, but as a devoted follower of Mahadev and an ivay, she refused to give up on her dream.

During the journey, Rajoo and Rita, as well as their journey to Kailash Mansarovar. Elders, as well as Rajoo, Anup, Hemant, Ashok, and Ivot Parmar joined the trip. Rajoo also visited all 24 yoglingas, divine places of Lord Shiva, where he resides in different forms in India, fulfilling another of Rita's wishes. Rajoo often told Rita, "I don't believe in it, but if this is what you ask me to believe and follow, I will follow you."

Although Khushboo was not born when Rita entered Rajoo's life, she became an integral part of their journey, contributing greatly to the happiness of the married life, which finally became a milestone.

At 11:00 Raju had a walk with a small black dog named Billa. He met a dog named Mahadeva. He played the dog and the dog was very happy. He was playing with the dog.



In the Ranch at Delhi (from 1st April to 2nd April) Rajoo sat quietly sitting following Raj's wishes. A week earlier, when Raj had asked her to leave him and his wife, she left as he wanted. On April 1st, Raj had prepared to fly to Mumbai and also to see his mother like he always had to do before he was going to fly. Rajoo had not said to Raj that she had shared her desire to go to Manassoor with Rajon, who had told her about it that evening. Rajoo then made a plan to visit Manassoor with six of his friends and her spouse. From Manassoor, the following day, the flight and hotel bookings were arranged and though there was still some time before their departure (6th April).

“I was a member of a mafia and met him while drinking at the bar. He told me that he was the ally of a mafia boss. He told me that he was a doctor. Because Rita was getting old and Rita said, removing my glasses would be good for my eyes. The real reason behind the marriage was that Rita had altered her diet for a fortnight to address her digestive issues, and it had been very effective. I was afraid for her to suck on that diet, but Rajee knew it would be difficult to maintain during the trip. As a result, he had the desire to go to Muscone, but he went anyway, in order to fulfill Rita's wish.”

On April 5, just one day after returning from Mussorie, Kanchi Devi and her family were returning to their apartment in Kaji. Pankaj suddenly got a bad fever, his nose ran, and Kanchi Devi began experiencing unexpected health problems. Nature seemed to be giving subtle warnings, but none of these issues were known to those who had traveled to Mussorie. Had Rina known about any of these incidents, she would have not left so soon and returned to Kaji on the same day.

Refugee Centre, Moscow. Rakhmatullin was arrested by the city militia. Rakhmatullin was held for 15 days and then released. He was wounded at Dzhirgatal.

"Since there was still some time before the fight in Mehradur, everyone took seats at a restaurant in the alrion lounge and began eating from their lunch boxes." — Up with Rajoo and Aira had a unique charm," said Roja Mehra from Manavara. "We always brought hepia Haruread made with a mix of flour and spices. Spatch waja—spinal deep-fried the krum C... d..."

"Be careful, it's not safe to eat here. There are no toilets. Eat up and get away!"

And another thing," said Manish Mehta, Raga's husband and Raga's friend. "We would only stop for tea where either you or I could make it ourselves. Raga only drinks tea made by

Rajoo said, "If not by Me. Don't we want to know where we could make a deal with? As Rajoo said earlier, 'Any one who wants to drink here, let's drink here!'"

Everyone was in a relaxed mood, enjoying their homemade snacks in the open-air airport lounge, but later the mood shifted. A lady from the restaurant came out and told everyone, including Rajoo, that they could have breakfast here. This didn't sit well with the Kathiawadi women from the Kathiawar peninsula in Gujarat, also known as the Saurashtra region. After a brief argument, they made a decision and told the lady, "We'll eat here and you go do whatever you want!"

And so, everyone, including Rajoo and Rita, had a light lunch together at the same table. At that moment, Manish Mehta and Pooja Mehta reflected on how, thirty-seven years earlier, they had come to Mysore to begin their honeymoon with the same Rajoo and Meena, whom, now, they were returning to Mysore once again.

Back then, everyone had a modest standard of living. Seven people, including the driver, had traveled to Mysore in one car from Manavadar, and three couples had stayed in one room. In 2022, the situation changed. Their economic conditions had significantly improved. Everyone now had grey hair, but they were still together, surrounded by the company of their peers.

At that time, no one knew what this trip to Mysore would become a life-changing experience they would never forget.



As the airline continued to improve the services of Rajoo and Rita, Rajoo, Khushi, and Meena, and afterwards, Rita, began to visit Manavadar from Bagasara, about a year and a half after Shrut's deteriorating health. During this period, Rajoo and Rita developed a close emotional bond. Of course, the Panthamiya family and the Doshi family were unaware of this at the time. After Khushi's birth, Rita's visits to Manavadar became less frequent, so Rajoo began traveling to Bagasara to meet her. He would leave Manavadar to visit Rajoo Plaster and then took the state transport bus to Bagasara for his appointments. No one at Rajoo's house was aware that Rajoo and Rita had begun to develop a friendship. Rajoo would visit his wife Rajoo, who would go to Rita's house. "I am going for five days," Rajoo told Rita, "I am going from Bagasara." Khushi, Jayashree, Hashmi, and Pushpa. But no one except me knew that

only played
the game with
Kha once and
that was
because

Rajoo was traveling all the way to Bagasara to meet Rita!

Whenever Rajoo reached Bagasara, Rita would meet him at the Bagasara bus depot, accompanied by her friends. Both of them would tell their families they were just stepping out, so there were no questions or suspicions at home. Rajoo and Rita would meet at the bus depot, often sitting on a bench. In the car, their meetings usually lasted about half an hour, after which Rajoo would take the bus back to Manavadar. Due to the limited transportation options at the time, Rita could visit every week, or he would travel to Bagasara every three to twenty days to meet Rita.

In addition to these meetings, they exchanged secret letters. Back then, there were no mobile phones, and neither family could afford a landline. It was an era of love letters. Rajoo would send his letters to Rita's address, and Rita would pass them on to Rajoo, often finding ways to explain or hide them from the other members of the household.

Hansa Gosai, Rita's childhood friend who lived in Bagasara when returning as a teacher, recalls that during this time, Rajoo once sent a blank audio cassette along with a letter. Rita was supposed to record her voice on the cassette and send it back to Rajoo. Rajoo has even mentioned the song to be recorded: "thoon umhen bhaya Hai Khar Mein thood Nahi Mera Joon" (a popular old Bollywood song from the old Bollywood film *Paraswau* starring Ira, written by Indivar).

In the early 1980s, cassette players were a luxury, and not everyone had one. However, after some effort, Rita managed to record the song on a cassette using a tape recorder borrowed from a resident of Bagasara. Whenever it was Hansa Gosai, Kiran, Mrug, or their other friends like Jayashree and Rashmi, all of them would gather at the Parthamya family home, sit together, and play a game of *Chingli* (or *ya*), a traditional old game from Gujarat. Hansa recalls three specific occasions when Rajoo and Rita's love was profoundly evident, and she can't help but mention them. One Diwali, Rita bought a Diwali-greeting card to send to Rajoo from Bagasara to Manavadar. Rajoo also bought a card to send to Rita. When they exchanged their cards, they realized that each had bought a different card. The card Rajoo bought depicted villages, and it was exactly like the one

At that time, love letters were the only means of communication, and everyone was crazy about them. Once Rajoo sent a beautifully painted card through the courier, but it was never delivered. Later, Rajoo has a photo of the card pinned and hand-delivered it to Rita through a friend. Rajoo once sent a love letter in such a way that the postman delivered it only when he and Rita were busy with the housework for a traditional Gujarati wedding. Rajoo's wedding was in Manavadar, Rajoo was either the only person on the wedding stage. At a point, Hansa

Shulb left the wedding ceremony early and got to the job of the Panchamiya household. The mother-in-law told him that he was not any different.

Indoubtedly, until 1984, neither the Panchamiya family nor the Joshi family knew that their youngest son or youngest daughter had already taken a special place in each other's heart.

After Khushboo's school holidays were over, Shulb's discipline was all over. When Khushboo was only a year and nine months old, Shulb passed away. Everyone shook their heads. While Khushboo's mother was no more, and his adder to the worry in the Panchamiya family. The Joshi family, who had lost their elder daughter-in-law, was also concerned and involved in taking care of Khushboo and sharing a trauma with their elders.

Once we asked Chandrakant Joshi about Rajoo's mother-in-law's sister-in-law, Chandrakant Joshi said, "I don't remember her name, says, 'Chandru, what do you think about Rita?' you say, 'Rajoo's mother-in-law will be the mother-in-law'."

"I have always seen Rita as a daughter," Chandrakant Joshi expressly told another Chandrakant Joshi (Rajoo's husband). This was the answer given at the time. Her elder sister-in-law says, "We never told anyone about what we discussed with Chandru for a while kept it to ourselves. We were only her Chandru's sister-in-law, we decided to be Rajoo's mother-in-law."

The Panchamiya and Joshi families decided to get Rajoo and Rita engaged. Though no one knew that both Rajoo and Rita also wanted the same. A year later, on November 27, 1985, Rajoo and Rita were married in a simple ceremony. Ten people, including the groom, traveled to the wedding place in two Ambassador cars and eleven people attended. The total cost of the wedding was only one thousand to two hundred rupees. Manoj Mehra, who attended the wedding, said, "I was with Panchamiya through Rajoo and Rita, but he never got a chance to see me."

"The presence of everyone used to call her 'abba' and 'dada' when we were alone. I would say 'Rajoo' and she would call me 'ajji!'"

These words from Rajoo's younger sister-in-law reveal that her friendship with Rita was older than a 'Bhabhapani' (the relationship between a sister-in-law and her husband's sister-in-law). She remembers that after Rajoo's marriage (who was older than Rita) was engaged with Chandrakant Joshi, began visiting Shulb's house. Manavadar was during this time that a strong

Rajoo and Rita would meet at the bus depot either sitting on a chair or in the canteen.

relationship continued between her and Rita. During the same period, i.e. April 78 to May 81, 98, when Mahadev, Ramkatha (her mother) and her mother-in-law (the lady in Rama's dream in Ramayana) of Rajaratapur, at Rajad Mahadev Rajput were held in the city of Karnataka, Raj and Rajou, along with one or the other friends, attended the Ramkatha 10-eight days seva at Raj. During those eight days, we grew closer to one another. Rita was a devoted follower of Mahadev, a faith she inherited from her father. Her father, Har, Panchamiya, also had unwavering devotion to Mahadev.

It was around 1982. Neither Rajou, Dr. Rajou, or Rajou Mohan would have at that point in time, shared their views about what relationships were material to her. Perhaps, the entire Doshi family was unaware that the younger sister of her father's daughter-in-law (Rita), would eventually become an integral part of the Doshi family, in a considerable way.

Rajou fondly remembers: After our mother, Mrs. Namda, passed away in 2006, used to visit Rajou. Even though Mohan was not together with us, she insisted on your discipline that Rita was not a very good daughter. She was likely to inherit the same discipline that she was given a mother who was not.

He would say that Rita is even better than Namdasun, the woman of exceptional qualities from the novel Parasurama. Because Rita embodies superior values, a strong inner spirit, kindness, generosity, and compassion. She has a deep sense of spirituality, is caring and supportive of others, after she is a woman who is loving, says our mother-in-law, the former Mayor of Rajaratapur, the town of Rajaratapur, who is now in the city of Mahadev. She is a woman of deep spirituality and hospitality even after she says that she is a woman who is not Rita, but her own personality pale in comparison to hers.

We always call her a Virbama, says Har, a person who is a quick and angry. Just as Virbama (wife of Jalaram Baper) supported Jalaram Baba (Hindu saint) from Gujarat (India), Rita supported Rajou.

One afternoon, Har was sitting with Rajou in the office of Rajou Engineers, when Rita called from home asking, Have you eaten yet? When Rajou replied, No, Rita immediately spoke to Har Gobriya on the phone and insisted, You and Rajou must eat first, don't leave without having a meal!

Har Gobriya's faith in Rita had a solid reason behind it. After her insistence, he performed the Panchamiya (hundred rituals) which helped him and his family overcome a financial crisis. Initially, Har Gobriya was introduced to Rajou Doshi as a business owner of Rajou Engineers, but the relationship soon blossomed into a much deeper family tie. The Doshi family, however, is not

one wish among them.

As you asked me to join, I have most of the time. The seven couples travel together, but none of us are in the habit of drinking alcohol!" said Rajesh Jandanna, a Rajkot-based friend of Rajoo Wadhvani, originally from Manavadar. His wife Pushpa added, "We just have a habit of drinking tea made by Nital."

It was he, just at his leaving, to Rita's surprise, who stopped at a small shop called 'Krishna Maggi Point' along the way. Tea was brewed on the shop's gas stove and the snacks brought from home were served alongside it. At that moment, Rajoo noticed eight or ten young men in the back of the shop, consuming intoxicants. However,

Senseless violence and destruction of lives and property is not the people's business. It is the business of the government and the police. The people should not get involved in it.

When the tempo arrived at Mussorie's historic hotel, 'Admin. Niwas', everyone was awe of the hotel, and Rita was no exception!





April 8, 2021

That morning, at the window, Rajoo took a long look at Hare Padmani & Rita. Rajoo brushed past Rita's room, silently, a Muslim one, a devoted admirer of the deity. Suddenly, a sensation shifted to Rita, who was, of course, getting ready, and freshening up. Rita, however, seemed entirely absorbed in her own routine. Rajoo felt a sense of one who had been away for six hours since they left Raikot, and Rita had not experienced the gastric troubles that had plagued her just two days earlier.

On the morning of April 6th, Rajoo was preparing to depart, as there was her daily routine that after her worship of Mahadev, the couple would always take a selfie at the entrance of the shrine temple. They usually coordinated their outfits, with Rita in a saree and Rajoo in a shirt, often in matching colors. That day, for some unknown reason, Rita prayed to Mahadev with immense faith and devotion. She had been suffering from severe flatulence, which caused extraordinary stomach and rectal pains as unpredictable as they were. The only relief she found was after vomiting, just the previous day, on April 5th. She had endured another episode of intense pain that originated in the rectum. Deep within, there were no signs of relief for almost two days. Rajoo had been absolutely unaware of it, as Rita, however, was an expert, because her gastric troubles might flare up again during the journey.

Rajoo had today told Bhola Nath Mahadev, or Shiva, something that was a far cry from what

"I love you. Be my queen forever, all the way!"

Fearing such words from Rita that evening, Raju didn't respond. He could feel the unbearable immense faith and trust between Rita and Manadev. For him, her words reflected an invincible power and an optimism might not be wrong when Manadev's daughter-in-law

his memory was now vivid in Raju's mind as he stood in the balcony though there was no particular reason for it to distract himself from these thoughts, he called a friend in another room and asked, "Jaymin, did you and Nisha have breakfast yet?"



Jaymin is my brother-in-law, Rita would often say. "He is both my brother and my friend!"

Rita loves me like a son, Jaymin G. Swami would say, his voice filled with emotion. The five friends who could be called Raju's best friends were Hasmukh Manavada; a Hasik dhikha. Dak was a. Manish Mohla and Rajesh Gangdecha. All four were natives of Manavadar and Raju's friends since childhood days. But Jaymin G. Swami originally from Vilepar, a place near Manavadar, they met only once in their life. He was a brilliant player. The slender, soft-spoken, and yet strong and intimate even fifty years later.

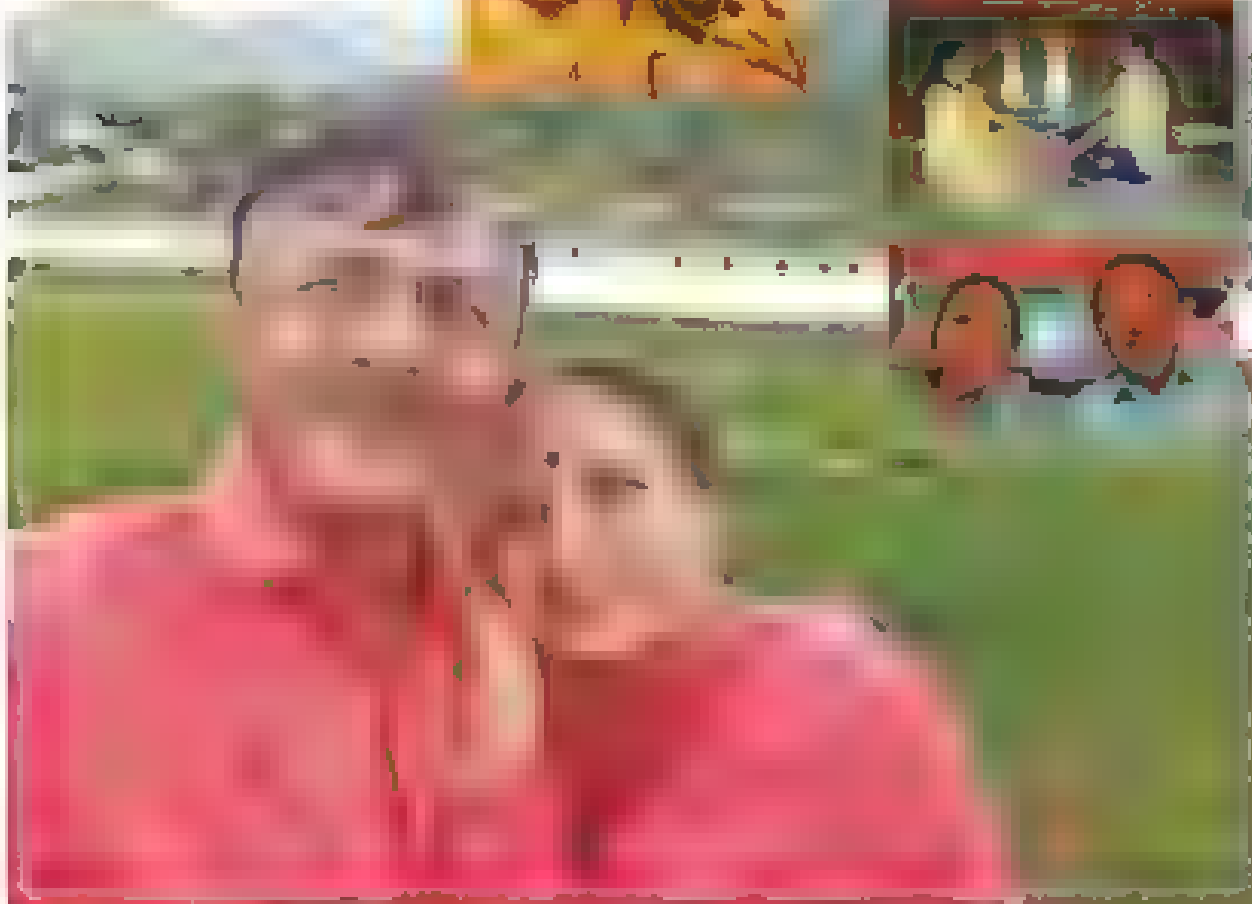
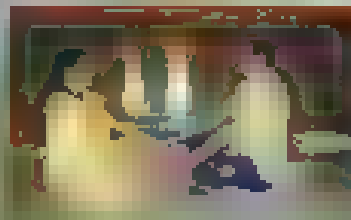
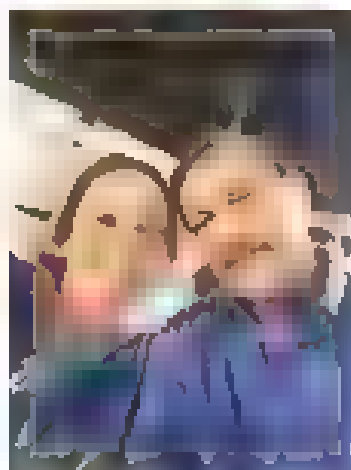
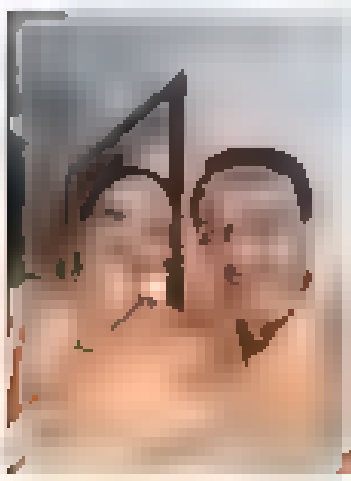
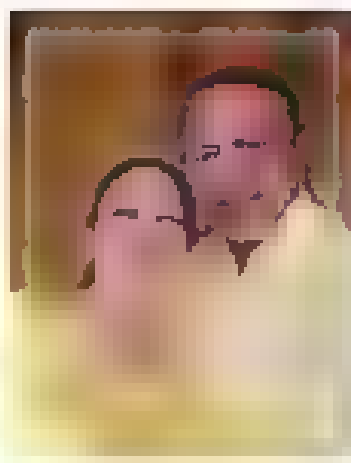
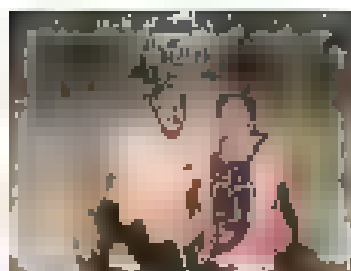
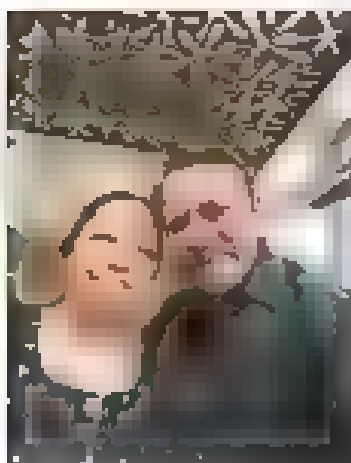
What an intimacy they shared!

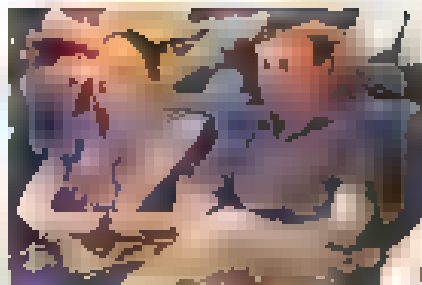
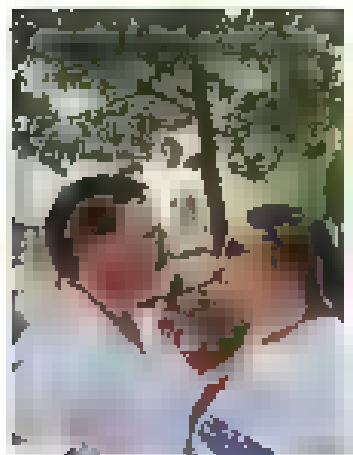
In 1982, Raju had a love life that was very turbulent and that he ended for a month. Jaymin recalls. He clearly remembers that in July 2011, he received a call from Rita. "We are going to visit Nimeshwar (yourlinga)

As Jaymin expressed his concerns about his journey, Rita exclaimed, "Don't worry, you will get it done, and make you happy. Let Rita's daughter-in-law

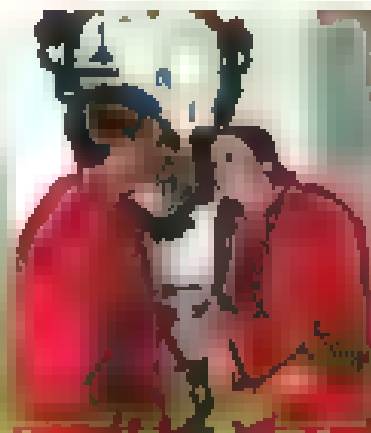
"Rita has never made any of us feel like we are just Raju's friends," says Rajesh Gangdecha. This sentiment is echoed by all of his friends and their spouses. The moment you meet Rita, you instantly feel that she is one of us. Rita treated everyone with the same warmth and openness, making them feel welcome and added her wisdom from having a rich wife of Raju's vision. In a conversation, Raju mentioned some and you like it. As it will be a great thing for you, he very excitedly said that he was very happy and Rita was very happy. He was very happy.

Shayna Patel, the daughter-in-law of the Turbo Group, who was opposite a Shruti but Raju once called Rita and ordered boxes of mangoes in the compound. Curious, she asked, "Where did you order your mangoes, again in 1982?" The next day, two boxes of mangoes were



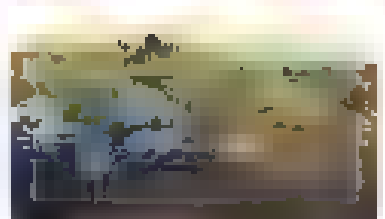
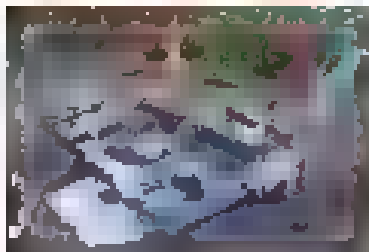
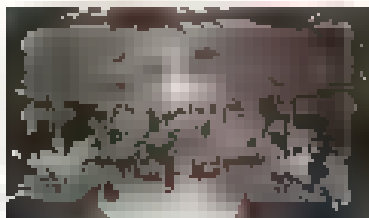
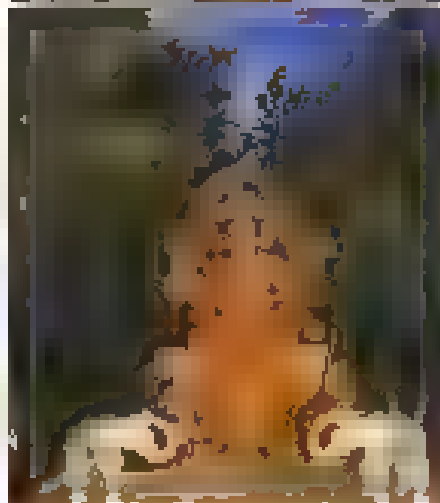
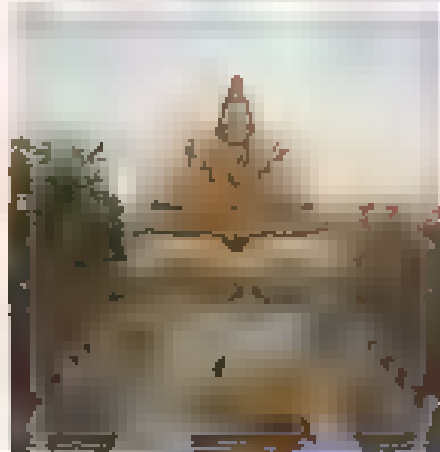


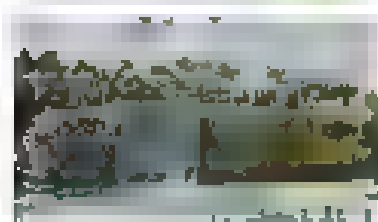
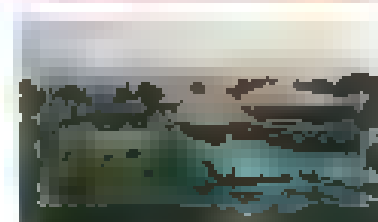
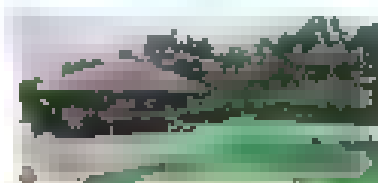
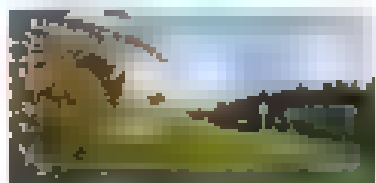
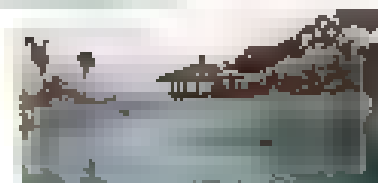
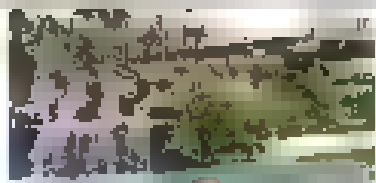
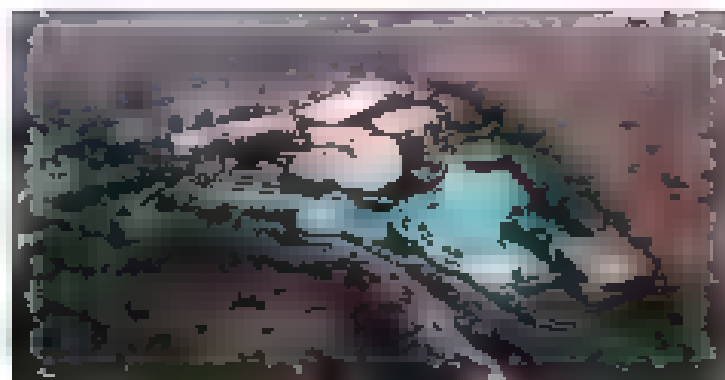
me in
family
Their matching
dress codes,
a reflection of
their deep
affection & love

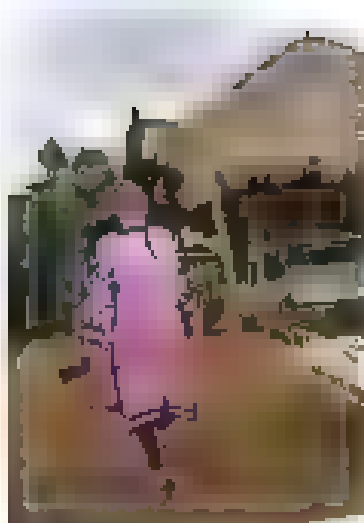




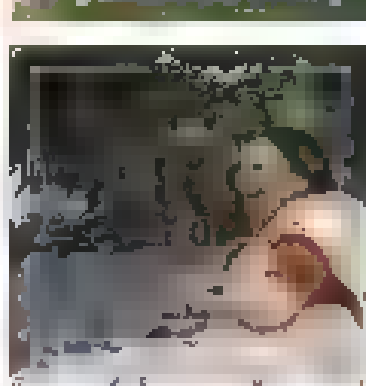
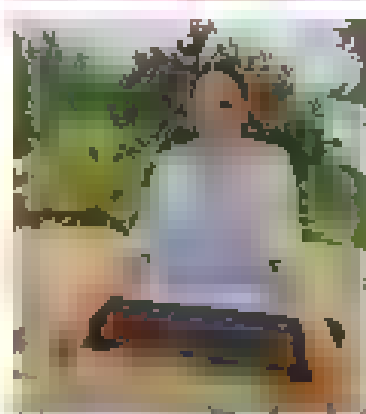
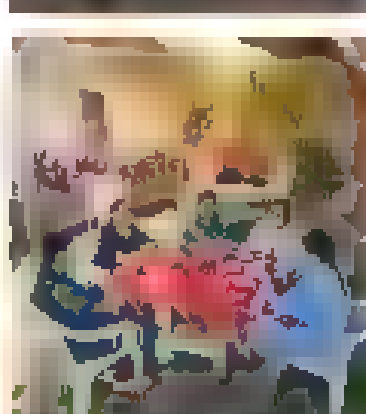
Chadwick with
Rita Wadi beautifully
decorated by her,
a space filled with her
warmth and creativity.





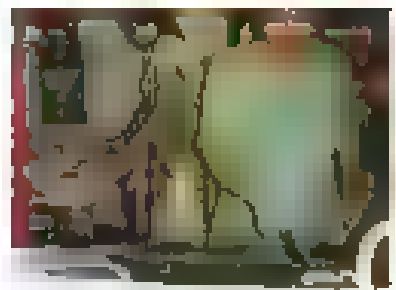
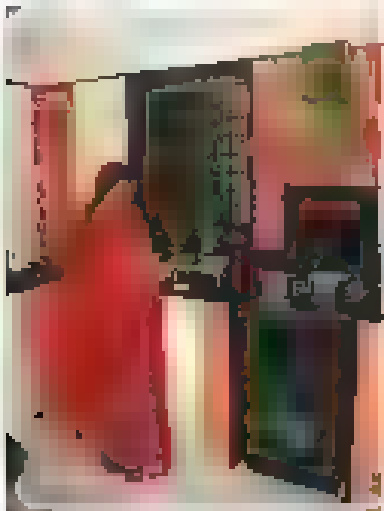


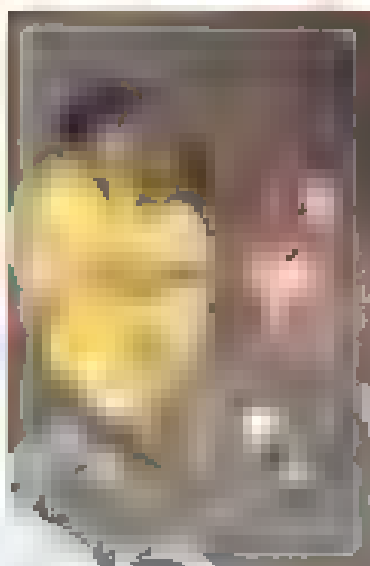
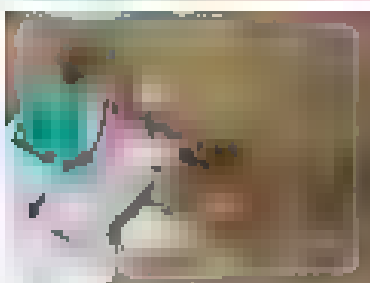
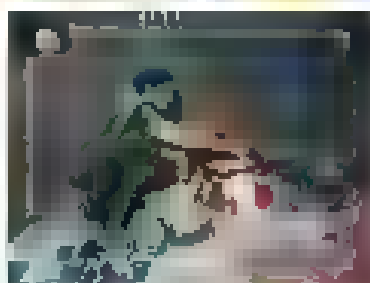
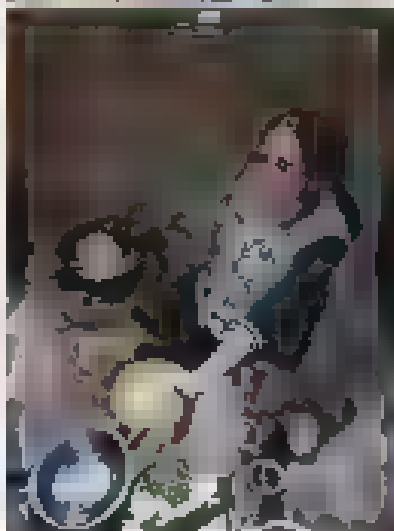
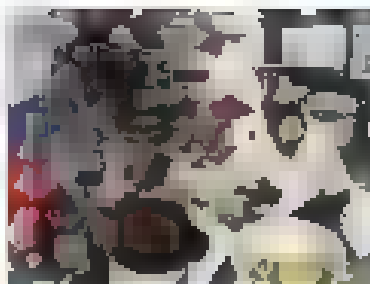
Old at River View



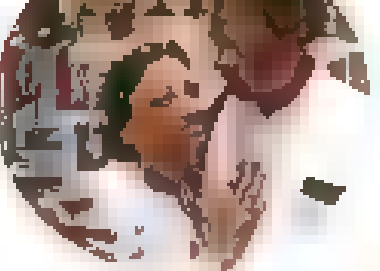
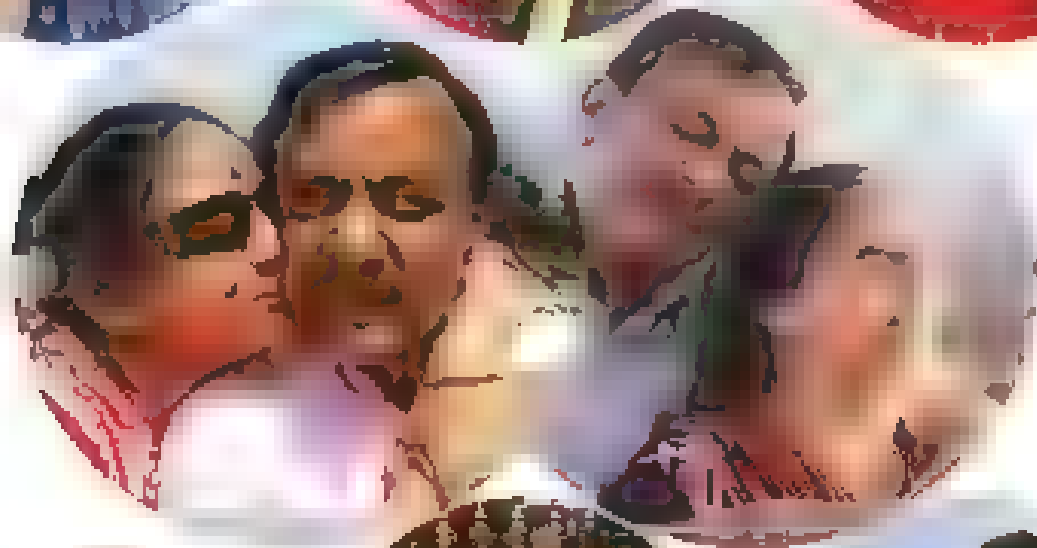


Unconditional Love
Preparing for 40th
even during overseas travels





Hobby
Rita's-one for cooking
ready to cook even at midn-ght.



arrived at Bhavna's house. Bhavna met Rita with Sita Shakti, Pura Bhadradev and Hari Dobrya. had known Rita for only about seven years. When the Doshi family began organizing local festivals in their area in 2015 at their own expense, was during his time that Bhavna grew closer to Rita. Over time their bond grew so strong that they started walking together regularly. Bhavna recalls, "Rita has never seemed sad. Even if she had a gastric issue she would talk about it with a smile. She always said she would be Bhakti-arth in the morning when she poured water, so she could feel relaxed and unburdened."

On the evening of April 6th, Bhavna went to Jhulna bungalow to give an invocation. At that time Rita was performing the Agnihotra-havan, a Vedic ritual where offerings are made to a sacred fire signifying a symbolic act of purification and exchange with the divine energy of fire. She insisted that Bhavna stay for ten minutes, but

"I refused to stay because I had to go to another place to deliver an invocation," Bhavna remembers. "I told Rita that I was in a hurry and would come back tomorrow with her."

"By tomorrow we are going to Mysore," Rita said. "Sit down here immediately."

Later in the day, it will be nearly 10 PM, Rita's dinner time. Bhavna replied, "Come after you return from Mysore and we can meet and talk about the trip then."

Bhavna couldn't understand what deeper message Rita was sending. She says, "I never had that conversation with Rita, and that's something I will regret for the rest of my life."

When they left the market, Rita's vow for Jaymin Goswami finished. Both Jaymin and his wife, Rekha, were deeply moved and grateful. Unbeknownst to them, Rita had taken a vow to visit the Rameshwaram temple in South India for them. Rita had already decided to visit Rameshwaram with all five couples along with Kapur and Rita Doshi went on the journey together. And there

After the arshan (auspicious light of a deity or holy person) of Mahadev, Rita expressed her desire to visit all seven goddesses in the temple. Rameshwaram, Mahakaleshwar, Omkareshwar, Adi Kailash, Pura Baidyanath, Mahalinga Kailash, Vishwanath, Omkareshwar, Mahakaleshwar, Umnath, and Kedarnath. Rajoo, who was not only Rita's husband but also her Ashik-arthdev, devoted husband, could not rest peacefully if her wishes were fulfilled. Ensuring fulfillment of Rita's desires was

Raj'kha, today I
told Bhadradev
Mahadev/Lord
Shiva
something

Rita said
frankly. Either
cure my gastric
pain or take me
to you,

The telling gives a Rajput-like il-wat in Rajasthan: a te started in plan with Renuka and Rita for the darshan of a twelve jyoti-lingas, witnessing sumptuous and love and devotion for his wife everyone expressed the joy and admiration. However,

Rajin was the only one answering in the determination to go. Jayant, Jaywant, A. Rajes and D. Raju were also present. In the end, the four brothers and waves were all that we were with the twelve bylinas together. It was so that it was our duty to every single one of us to be present for each darshan. Guspou was sight of a deity or holy person.

in July 2020, at the sacred island of Rameshwaram, Ramo Doshi made a decision with such devotion and dignity that all Rites were led by him in an auspicious path to a better world. In March 2020, he had already taken Rita apart with five other couples for a period of 10 days to visit the ashram of the late Jyoti Bapu. The duration of the festival Jyoti Bapu, Kedarnath, was completed by everyone in October 2020, after the government eased lockdown and COVID-19 restrictions. As per the vow taken at Rameshwaram all the bonds including sapo and Rita were present for the salvation of all the votaries. However, due to bad weather at Kedarnath, Bhukhu, Karik, Dekhwa, his wife and daughters got stuck here. Naturally, everyone at Rameshwaram was very worried, but Anika says, "When I came to worry and offering help, Rita was surprised at Rajon."

Shikha recalls an incident that occurred during the reparations for his daughter's marriage. He asked their mutual friend, Haresh Jandecha, asking him to get one hundred fifty to two hundred thousand rupees ready as a precautionary measure. He shared the details over the phone and Haresh responded warmly. The next day, at around three o'clock in the afternoon, Brijha went to open the shop. Sangeeta Wadhwa and was surprised to find Rano Doshi waiting outside. She went to Manoj Bhatnagar, saying, "I was a little bit worried. Rano and Rishi said to meet you in your shop a week and a half ago. At all the while, I was thinking that you were not coming. I was not able to hold on a public place. Sometimes, if we asked other friends we would have a glass together on the road."

After the Rajah, the visiting major minister, an elderly, bearded Brahmin, who had accompanied the Rajah, bowed his head before the deity. "Keep the

3:00 then let's without giving him a chance to ask further questions

Brakha believed that someone other than Rajoo had given her the money and, however, no one witnessed anything. So Brakha decided to keep the money. To his surprise, there was also insurance, meaning the amount Brakha assumed that Rajoo had given her, the money

Seeing such unique and funny situations, Rajoo thought it would be worth a travelogue. Rajoo and Rila had embarked on many memorable trips both within India and abroad, often accompanied by their close friends and his whole family, creating countless cherished memories along the way. During their trip to Ladakh, they took all their children from the Doshi family with them. One night, at eleven o'clock, the hotel manager approached them with a complaint: the children had spoiled the restaurant and demanded non-vegetarian food!

Without a moment's hesitation, Rajoo slapped the manager across the cheek, certain that his family would never make such a request. There was no need for further explanation or questioning. When the family visited Switzerland, Rajoo instructed the hotel manager: "If there is any damage to the hotel or our room, provide a bill. My children should not be stopped or scolded!" He insisted during that trip that Rajoo had made such meticulous arrangements that from the moment they landed at the airport until they returned after an untroubled trip, no complaint was ever made. In Switzerland, he took his children to the park outside the Swiss parliament building and was in the front row when the president came out to greet them.

Even when he embarked on the pilgrimage to Kailash Mansarovar, solely because that's what he made sure that Rila wouldn't face any hardships. Even though, upon entering the Chinese border for Kailash Mansarovar, Kashwan Goswami, a manager of a common vehicle for travellers, told him that, however, Rajoo insisted on a private vehicle for his family. Rajoo insisted that his trip to the world's highest lake was not for religious reasons. The Chinese authorities issued such issues due to the high altitude and so immediately took them down without waiting for the rest of the group to reach the destination.

At the time, Kashwan Goswami's car manager was broken and unusable. The cost of a private vehicle was exorbitantly high, however, he was happy that Rajoo's determination and valuable advice about a private vehicle. Rajoo immediately bought a vehicle for Rs. 30,000 for three thousand dollars, ensuring that his dream of visiting Kailash Mansarovar was fulfilled without the slightest disturbance or delay.

While reminiscing about his life and memories of many past journeys at the Ramnagar, Niyogi Institute, Mumbai, he was again reminded that Rajoo's attempt to walk without shoes was probably the only time that his family visited India as a family for the first time.

What could have caused such a thought to arise in his mind? Knowing that this was Rajoo's last journey with Rila, perhaps the Almighty Mahadev had planted this thought in Rajoo's mind.

and rest, as she was in her seventh month of pregnancy.

When Anuja gave birth, her baby had brought three sacks full of clothes for her, says Chhava Kawa. She kept telling Pooja, "Leave your daughter with us. We'll take care of her!"

"You won't find compassion like hers anywhere else," says Anuja Mehra, whom Rina considered a younger sister. This was not an isolated incident—there were countless examples of her kindness. When the five family members of professor-organizer Ashwani Joswani, who had recently returned from the pilgrimage to Kailash Mansarovar, contracted COVID-19, they were all isolated in separate rooms as per safety guidelines. But Chhava not only dared to slip food into their rooms, she, too, gave Rina, Rajoc, Pooja, Kishori, and Nitik, made up of delicious things, to share with the family every day. Similarly, when Sunil and Sushil Singh, immediate neighbours, contracted COVID-19, Anuja and Rina were waiting for WHO-9111 to deliver supplies personally, while Chhava sent tender coconuts to help.

Rajoc and Rina seem like a pair of Shiva-Parvati's "mol," says Vashwanti Joswani, a Shiva-worshiper. As Rina explains, "Shiva symbolizes the force of yugas, and Parvati symbolizes the deep devotion to yugas itself. Rajoc's nature is completely Shiva-like, but he is a 'mol'—a surrender to Shyva. He surrenders to his wife. As it is a duty of Shiva to take Rajoc and Rina, were completely devoted to each other."

Rajoc's younger sister, Jayu Modi, loves his with an intensity. "As I came from home to the wadi, I would see him wading in the water, the Ganga, in front of me, and Rajoc, standing on top during the rainy weather. After that, I would never know the time, I would just go down. She would walk back home with a basket of lotus and lotus buds, and my husband, Chhava, and Jayu, were standing there. She would be during the rain, when it is stopped by the factory. Rina said to Rajoc as she left, 'We should have stopped at the wadi. It would have been so much more fun in this rainy weather.'

Rajoc immediately set up an ongoing chat, gently, and everyone back to the wadi. He said, 'I'll go ahead and wait for you. I'll wait for you!'



And after a long period of waiting, and lots of gossip, she usually mentioned, 'Rajibha, plan to go somewhere tomorrow.' To which Rajoc would earnestly smile. Immediately replied, 'Yes, I'll do it.'

However, after giving way to response, Rajoc forgot to remember to go. They made up a date. Rina was to have a full day of work, due to the day after the day (the 27th) after checking out the reception of their room. Now, he realized that they would need to find a

stomach? He had seen Raju's wife in a restaurant at the same spot. Would it be a coincidence? And a signpost for Rita? He had immediately ordered a taxi at the reception, which dropped the women, including Rita, at the high-rise room.

"Would you really like to go out? Or just stay here tonight? Okay? Or maybe?" Raju asked Rita. After getting her to be involved with them, they are really. But Rita was like, "Yes, yes, we have to go, in a few days we will go for sure."

Of course, he had reason, which she later whispered subtly was "don't like everyone staying here in the hotel just because of me, Rajbha."

Raju said nothing after realizing that Rita wasn't thinking about herself, but rather about her friends and their wives who had come along. He smiled warmly at Rita, understanding the depth of her care and selflessness.

I don't like
everyone staying
here in the hotel
just because of
me, Rajbha.



Chaitra Sud Third, Tuesday

third day of the waxing moon phase Shukla Paksha, in the Hindu month of Chaitra.

April 9, 2022

Ten days after the wedding ceremony at Rajkot Rajni Doshi's family was on the move with her close circle of friends. However, they had only spent two nights in this picturesque and enchanting city so far. According to the planned itinerary, they were supposed to leave Mussorie on the morning of April 26 after a five-night stay, and return via flights from Dehradun to Delhi, and finally to Rajkot. But

That morning, excitement and joy at a place that seemed to have a special significance for Rishi Ravi Doshi could be sensed, but he chose not to bring it up because

He had organized his special Mussorie holiday for his wife so he didn't think it was appropriate to voice his concerns in the morning of the 19th. However, his morning walk in the soft sun, at a peaceful height, opened his mind. After a day in Rajkot, he would be going to Ayazpur. There, after a ceremony, when a Hindu priest and his disciples with Ravi, she immediately responded, "Why do you need to shave your head? Don't be religious."

That night, as they prepared for bed, Rajni had already planned the following day. After breakfast, he would take everyone to Mussorie's famous Mall Road market. He avoided visiting the popular spots in Mussorie, getting away from the regular working, who would be in the

In recent months, Ravi had been feeling overexerted and experiencing gastric distress

Whenever he walked to the mall – whether intentionally or not – he invariably saw hundreds of people, such as Rajoo, going to take the goods to the market. Shopping, whether needed or not, was a favorite pastime for the women in the group, and the Doshi group included four women besides Rita. Rita, in particular, was always eager to buy souvenirs for her family members rather than for herself. In every mall, she would pick up something for her children, her two sisters-in-law, her real sisters (whom she met often) and her childhood friends from Rajkot and Baghara. Once back in Rajkot, she would personally deliver these regional specialties to her loved ones. Both Rajoo and Rita, almost a decade ago, joined the Kailash Mansarovar expedition as a part of their life.

During the Kailash-Mansarovar Yatra, Rajoo Doshi wore a gold-plated Rudraksha horned stones and a fruit of the Elaeagnus ganitrus tree around his prayer chain, wearing is protected by Lord Shiva's necklace around his neck. It looked impressive and was eye-catching. When the journey ended and the Shivites were going to the borders of Nepal and Tibet, renowned local mountaineering guides were at the airport. Although the guides were inquisitive about the Tibet route, the guides did not ask any questions. When he returned to India, Rajoo Doshi said, "It was a miracle. Without hesitation, Rajoo removed the necklace and gave it to the guide."

Nashwan Goswami, the trip's organizer, who had been watching the scene from a distance, applauded Rajoo for giving away such a valuable gift. Rajoo's reply was simple. "This was Rita's Mahadev's order, so I gave it."

At that moment, Rita was also happy with Rajoo's generosity. When their friends, Brakha and Jaymin Goswami, heard the story, they also praised the impressive deed. Upon returning to Rajkot, Rajoo and Rita gifted both of them a similar gold Rudraksha chain.

Rajoo Doshi also gifted a similar gold-plated Rudraksha necklace to Mukesh Chrapara, a family friend from Junagadh. However, Mukesh recalls another memorable experience with Rajoo and Rita Doshi. He had accompanied the Doshi couple on a luxurious seven-star cruise journey from Barcelona, Spain, to Italy. Before boarding, Rajoo had purchased a selfie stick in Spain to capture group photos during their trip. As Rajoo stepped onto the cruise, holding the selfie stick, the crew members dressed in vibrant uniforms joyfully greeted him with warm, welcoming smiles. After the friendly reception, one of the crew members handed him the selfie stick. Rajoo's wife, Rita, who was sitting at the back of the ship, said, "Nice selfie stick!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Rajoo, known for his boundless generosity, smiled and replied, "It's your now!" He handed the selfie stick to the crew member who was visibly surprised and deeply moved by Rajoo's spontaneous act of kindness. Mukesh Chrapara, who witnessed the

elderly women fondly to ask 'Raju, what had been so beautiful about him?' and give Rajoo an approving smile and a thumb up, clearly delighted by his selfless gesture. It was a small yet profoundly meaningful moment, one that perfectly encapsulated the warmth and generosity that defined both Rajoo and Rita Doshi.

Rita joined him in the way of thinking about every woman who asked him for a sweater. On New Chauraha, while the women in the shops were busy shopping, Manish Mehra would usually stand by quietly observing, while Rajoo preferred to remain outside on the road. One day, as they were in a shop, an elderly woman came up to the counter and asked for a sweater. Without hesitation, Rajoo took one from the counter and handed it to her. A few minutes later, another elderly woman arrived with the same request. Rajoo, without a second thought, gave her a sweater too. Then, a third lady came forward.

Most people might have grown weary, especially with the pattern of requests, but Rajoo continued to give without any sign of frustration. He handed a sweater to the third lady as well. Meanwhile, inside the shop, Manish and others were negotiating the price of the sweaters. Hirag Gosai, a professor traveling with them, observed the scene and remarked, 'Rita, while trying to bring down the price of the sweaters, you look at your husband. He's just giving them away to every elderly woman who approaches.'

Rita, upon hearing this, looked at her husband and, still handing yet another sweater to a lady, and with a smile replied, 'Chacha, let him give. With the blessings of people like him, we are fortunate to be in a position to give back to those in need.'

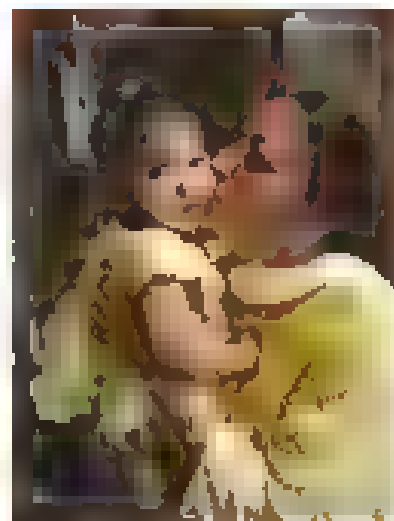
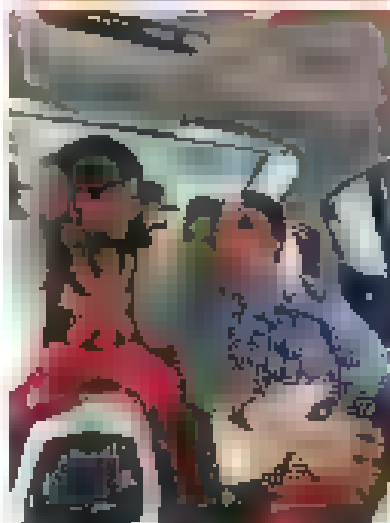
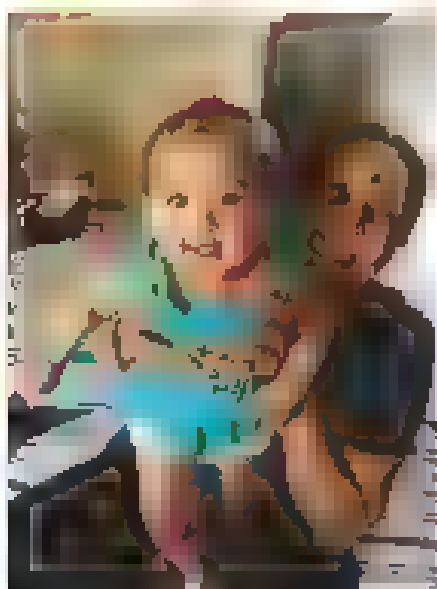
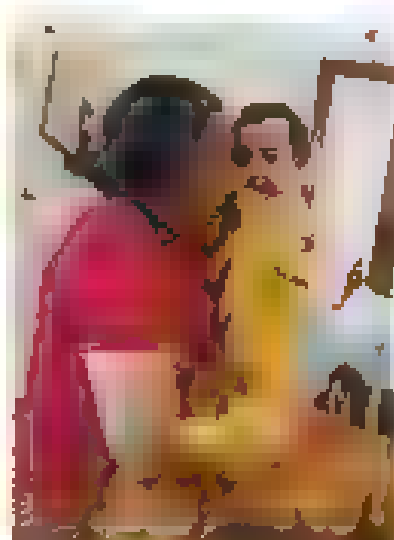
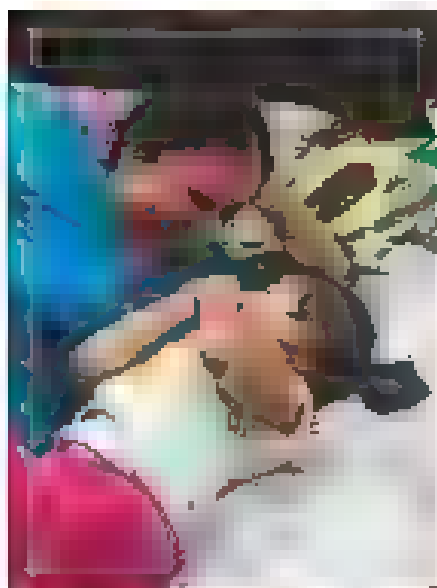
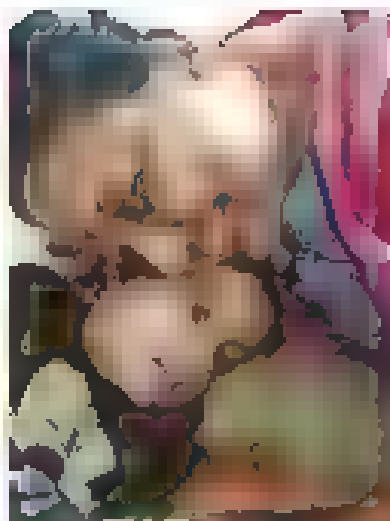
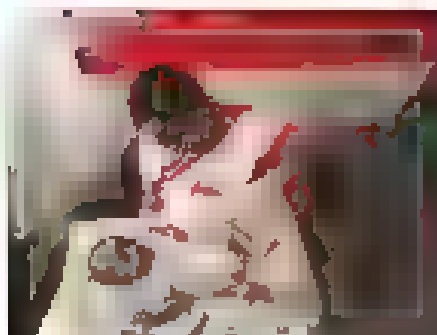
It was this noble sense of fulfillment through giving that defined Rita's approach to life, later, as they were preparing for their shopping trip to Mall Road in Mussoorie, Rita called her eldest sister Hansa Kothari, in Rajkot.



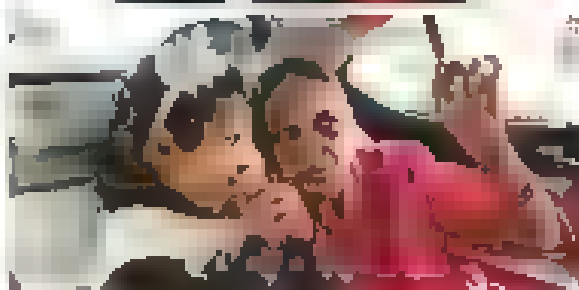
'Rita was the youngest among us, yet she always came with us, well as if we were the elderly,' said her elder sister Jla Devi, who lives in Rajkot. Interestingly, Jla is married to Bikhra's grandfather, Dada, Hansa Devi, on the other hand, wife of the famed historian and Nira, Rita's two brothers-in-law and sister-in-law, are also named Chandrakant, Keshvi, and Veena. Rita's four

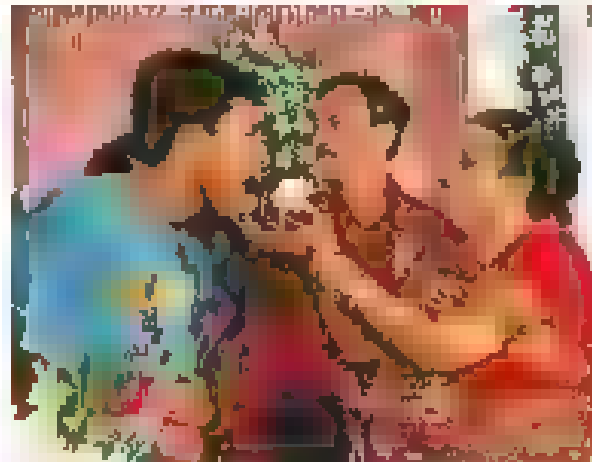
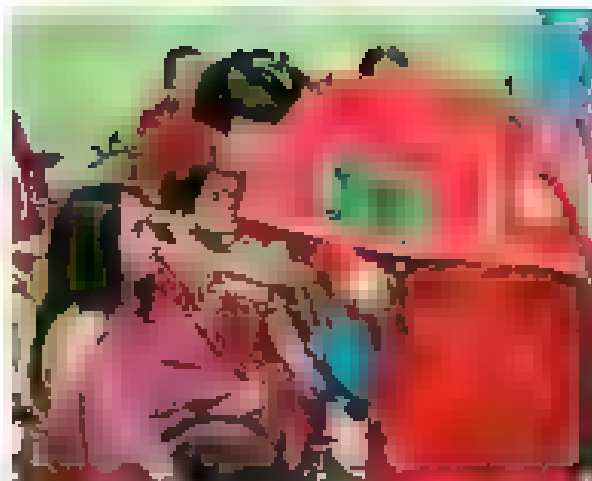
in recent months.

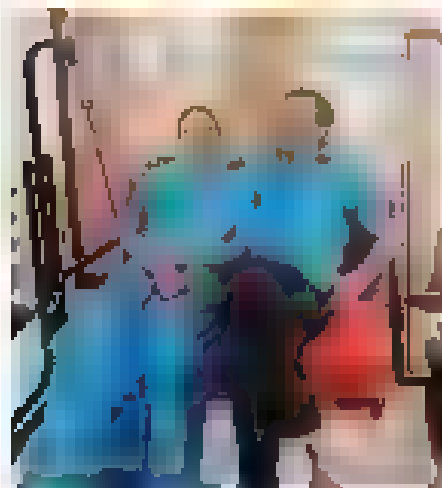
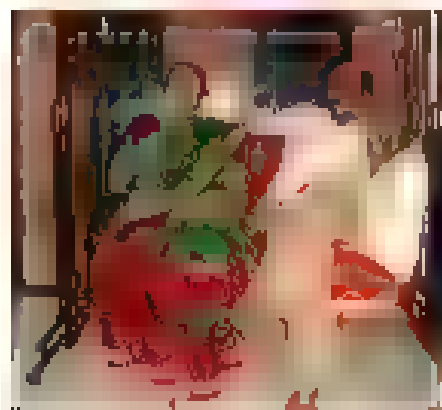
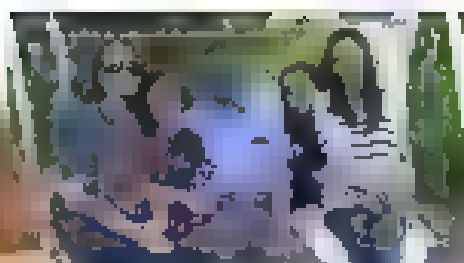
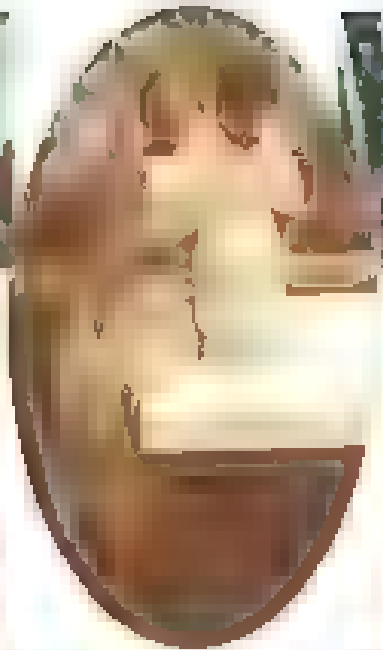
Rita had been feeling overexerted and experiencing gastric distress whenever she walked too much.

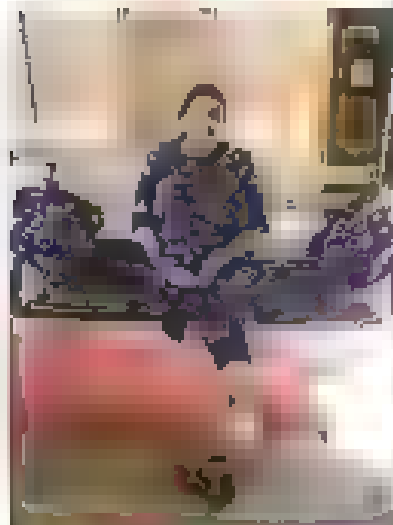
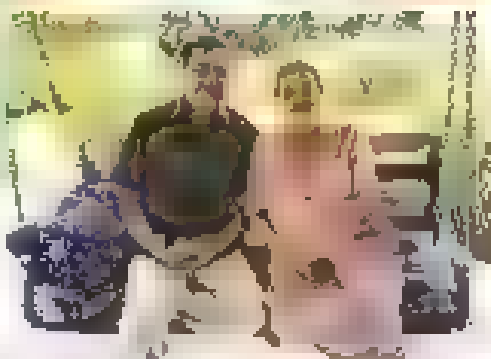
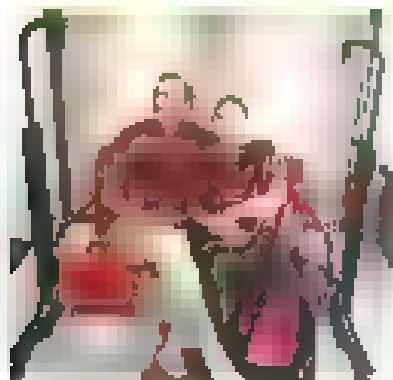
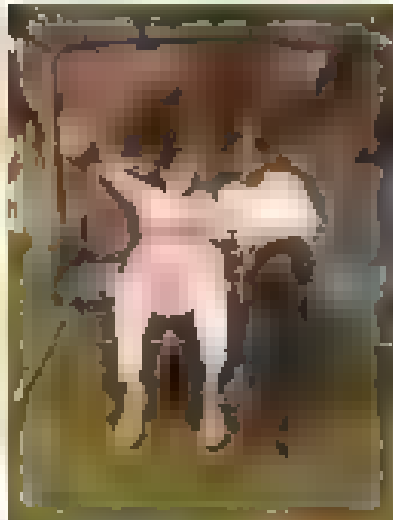
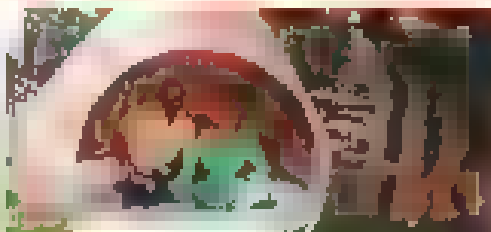
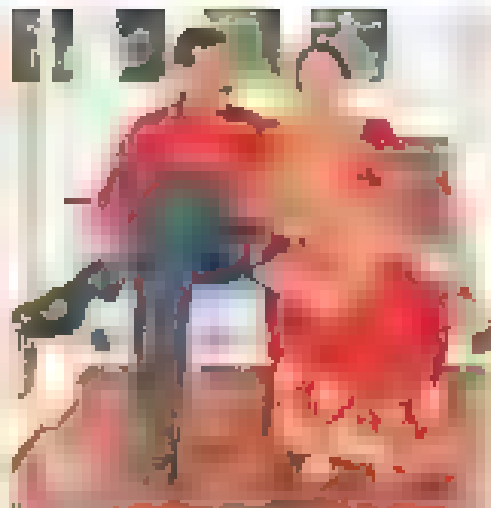


Grandmother's own
Her playful moments
with grandson
Aayank and granddaughter
Naina filled with
laughter and affection

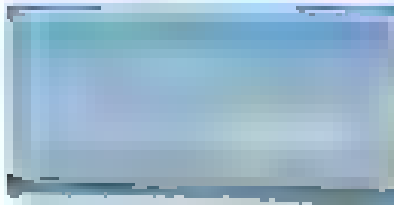
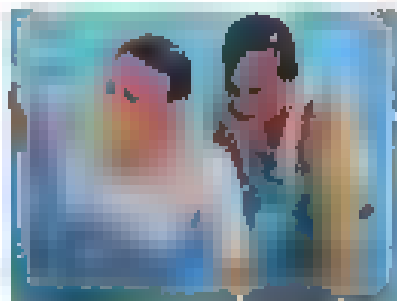
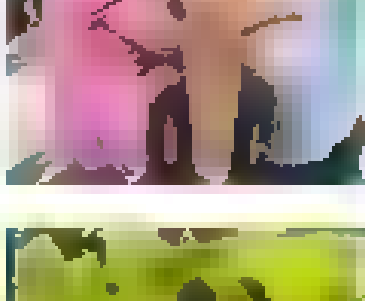
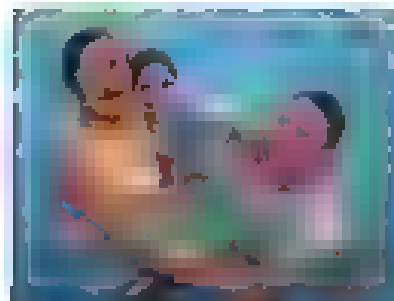
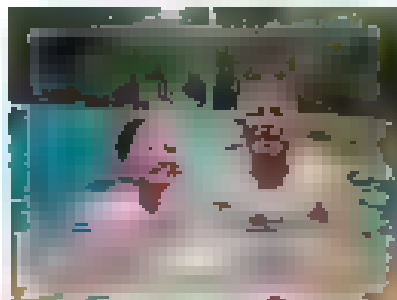
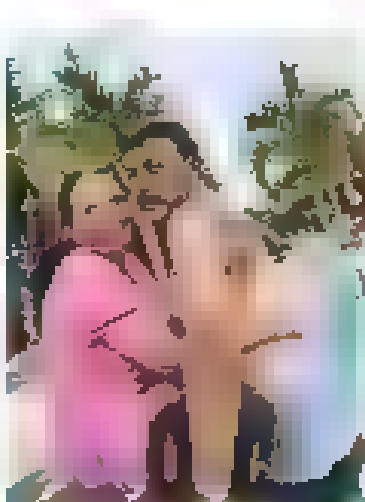
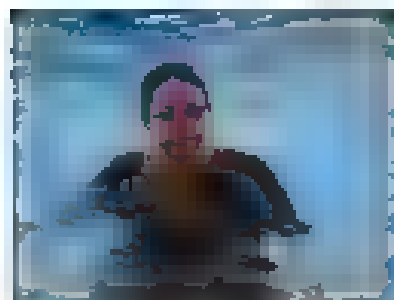
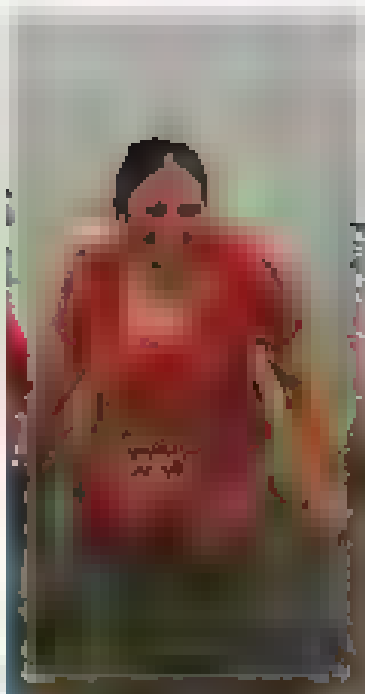
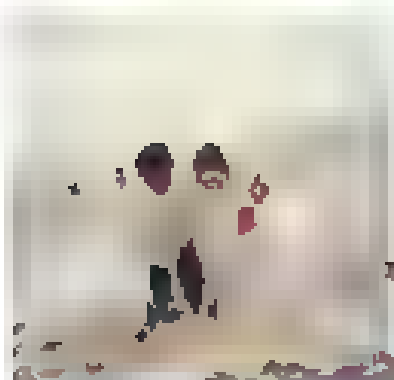


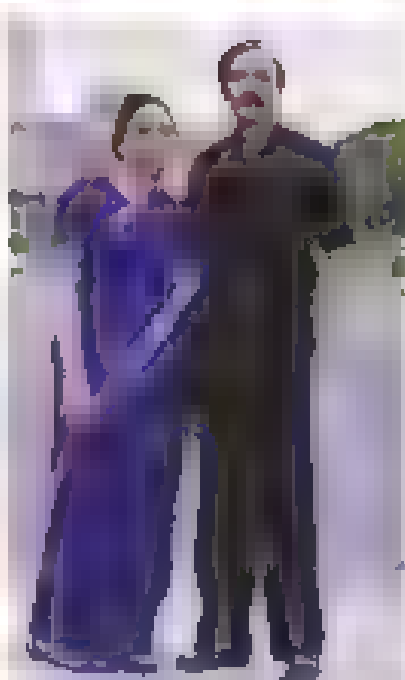
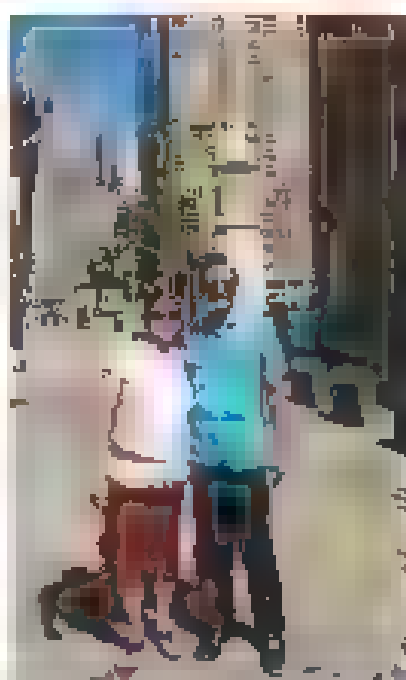
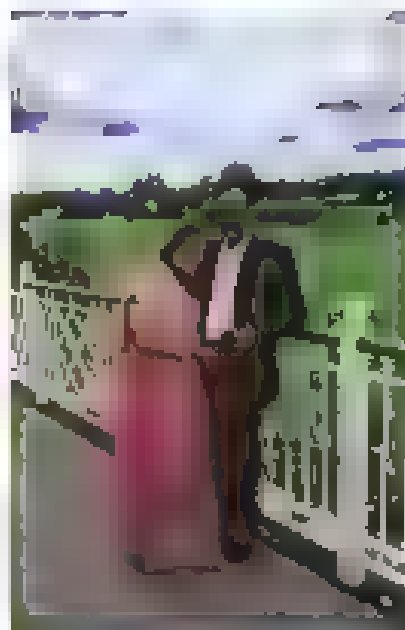
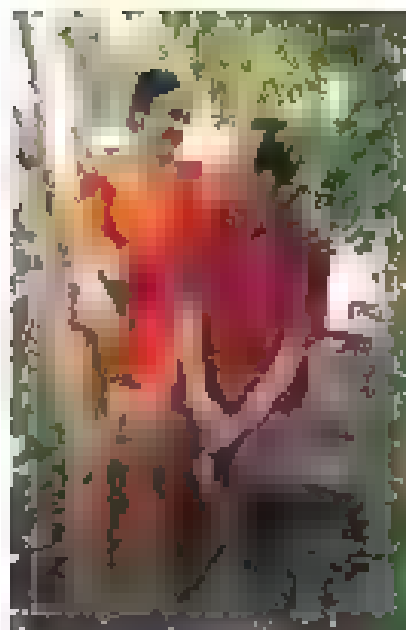


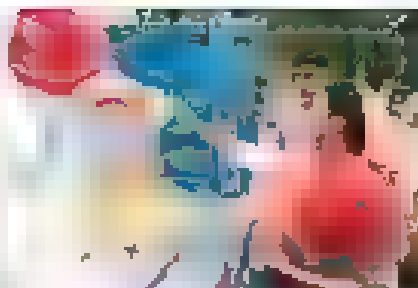




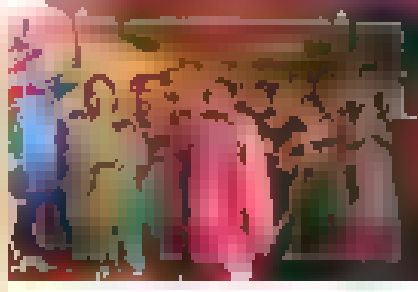
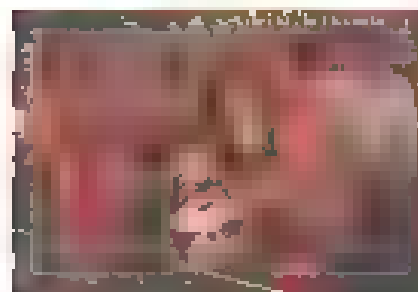
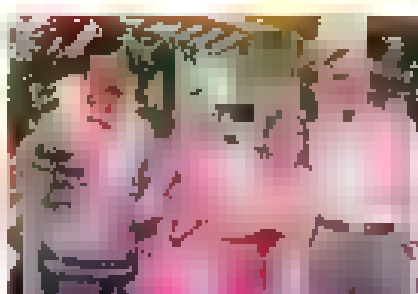
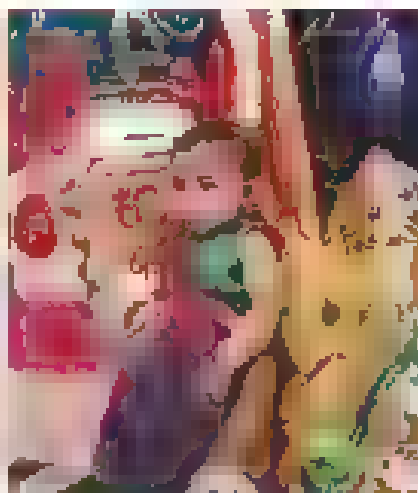
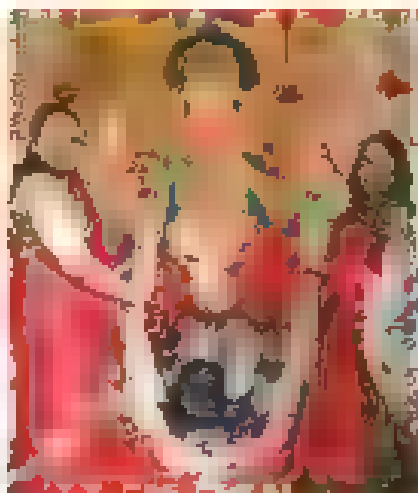
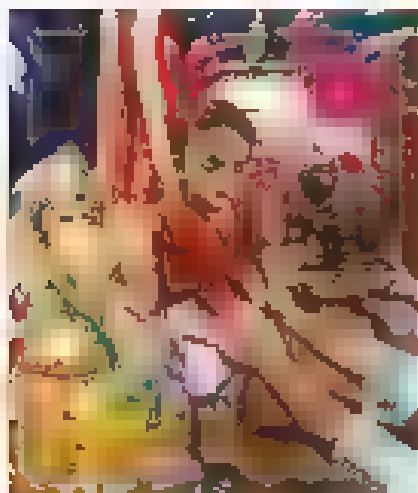
joy in simplicity
for love for things,
whether at home
or away from
the old age home.
Finding joy in the
little things

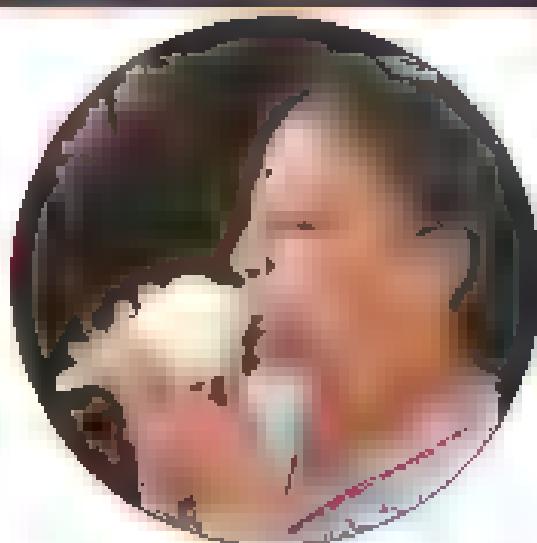
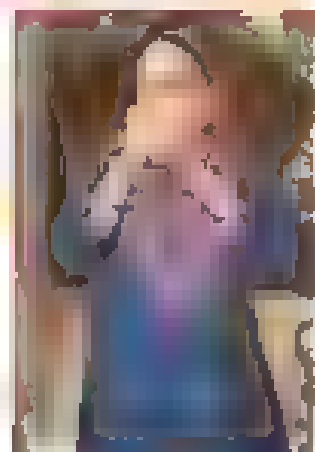
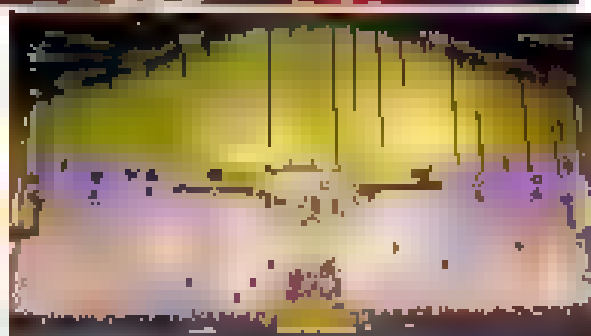
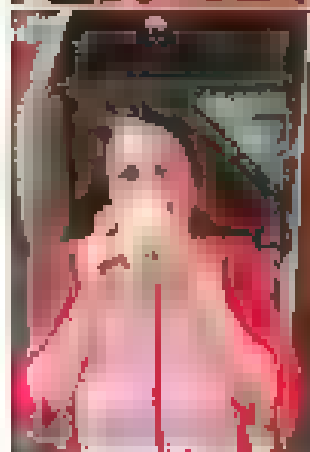
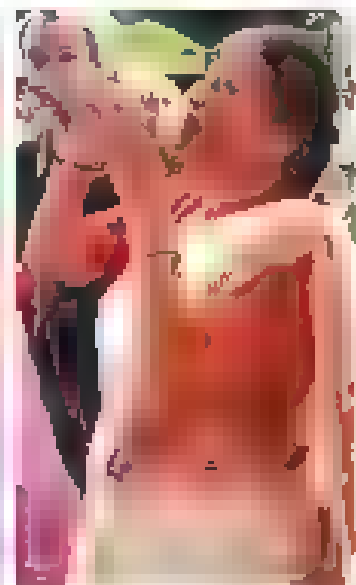
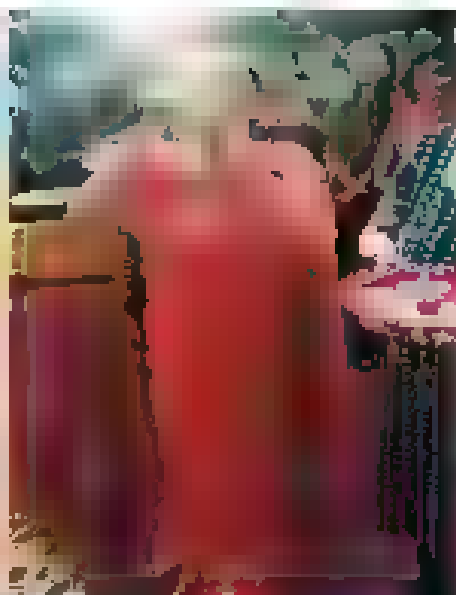
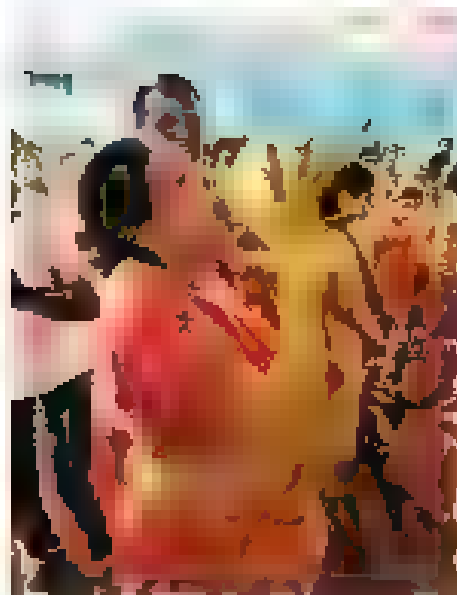






Active Spirit Celebrating Ganesh Festival with devotion and enthusiasm !!!





Rajkot. In the Doshi family, wealth was prosperous as it is today. But the wider Doshis were employed and Rajoo Doshi was managing a small business called 'Rajoo Plastic'. When Chandrakant expressed his inability to employ Bhonbharai Doshi, immediately took him as his and said, "Hand on people are shagood relatives who can lend a hand when needed. Let Bhon stay with us in Manavadar."

Even during financially challenging times, the Doshi family always remained united. Reflecting on those days in Manavadar, Jayu Modi shares, "Brother, that's just how our home was. Even if us and here, but we often had to feed him ten people, and nine would sleep in one room. Our friends, my mother's friends, and family members were always around, filling our home with life and warmth."

Rita, born and raised with the Doshi family, spent her years from 1981 to 2022. Jayu Modi believes that Rita's core nature was defined by her nature, affection, sensitivity, and a deep sense of purpose. "Helping others was second nature to her," says Rita's childhood friend, Kiran Singh. "She couldn't bear to see others suffer. She often told me, 'If anyone needs help, whether at home with studies or for medical treatment, let me know.'"

Through challenges and health issues, the Doshi family always stood firmly by each other around them. This unwavering support system allowed Rita to become deeply involved in the lives of others. She and Rajoo even took responsibility for funding kidney surgeries for two individuals in Kirti's home village, Vikhar. When Rita learned that Kirti's friend, Pankaj, a friend of her brother Bhonbharai Doshi, had undergone surgery in Rajkot, she immediately called Kirti and said, "Let's go to the hospital. We will give them some financial support."

Rita never hesitated to dedicate her time, energy, and resources to helping anyone in need, whether it was a brother's friend or someone who rarely knew the Doshi family. She also ensured that all her employees and their families were taking good care of their health and well-being. For instance, by 2004, the doctor Mr. Anand Manoj Kumar, who had been her supervisor, was hospitalized and managed. With a well acquainted with Rita and Rajoo, Jyotsana's second delivery, which occurred in the seventh month of pregnancy, was particularly risky. Jyotsana's husband, Dhoni,

Rita was the youngest among us, yet she always carried herself as if she were the eldest," said her older sister, a Doshi.

Finally, 'Rajko could be done.' 'No, because he is a warrior and the son of a warrior!'

in addition a personally named 'Yotsana's' two sons, Paray and Sameer. Her first encounter with Yotsana was entirely serendipitous. After the Joshi family purchased the farm in 2006, they employed a young designer in the village of Bhungga. An indigenous style of housing originated in the Kullu region of Himachal Pradesh. It was a woman who lived in the nearby village of Samat who came to work with the young work designer as an expert in mud and stone construction. One day at the Bhungga house, she was immediately struck by Yotsana's calm and composed demeanour and invited her entire family to stay at the farm. Yotsana fondly recalls in her native language, 'She was like a mother to me. During my pregnancy whenever I visited the farm, she would insist on feeding me dishes made with pure ghee from Rajko. She often brought me clothes and even taught me how to cook.'

'Rajko never came to the farm without Rita!' says Kankesh, a young employee at the farm. Yotsana adds, 'She may come with four people from Rajko, but by the time they arrive, there will be forty people here. She hosts everyone with love and we all eat the same food!'

'Dr. Mahesh was a truly exceptional person. Ayurveda is a great science. Whenever we went to the farm, there was always a full meal for us. It could be a plate with some rice and only one or two parathas (flatbread, made from a mixture of flour, water, and oil) Rita made with sea at night, but a full meal was always prepared for everyone else!'

She joined the Dr. Mahesh Varma School of Health, Rajkot, in the year 2000. Dr. Mahesh Varma, 'After your appointment at Rajko, Popatlal Gupta, Assistant Director of Yoga was introduced to me. He was a person who needed Kankesh to promote the cause and reached out to Rajko Doshi, who covered the cost of all the medicines. Over time their bond grew stronger. Whenever Rajko and Rita visited the farm, they would always invite Dr. Mahesh and his wife Joti. Once they arrived, a feast would follow. Rita enjoyed playing cards and after their games, whether in the field or on the steps, Dr. Mahesh would sing songs using the karaoke system available at the farm. Rita's favorite song request was always the same.

On the first monthly death anniversary (May 2007-2022) of Rita Joshi, the Joshi family gathered everyone at the farm. All the people from the neighboring Samarpura village were invited for a meal and a bhajan (andhya evening of devotional singing) was held. That evening, in memory of Rita, Dr. Mahesh Varma sang his favorite song. He became emotional during the performance as he sang, 'Kahaa Hai Maine have moh-e-daan' (The male / Dear-est Swan let's go we were kind and now)

At around half past seven it started raining,

Rita Doshi who lives in Rajkot heard her smartphone ringing and saw a video call coming in from her younger sister Rita.

Knowing that Rita had gone to Mumbai she immediately answered the video call. On the other side Rita appeared, holding two or three warm shawls and asking her older sister to choose one. She had said, "I've bought these shawls for all three of you sisters."

After discussing the matter with her husband, Rajoo, who was busy with shopping again, after the video call from the market on the road, seeing a busy crowd, Rajoo felt a little uneasy. She could have given the shawls to her sisters after reaching Rajkot, as surprise gifts or souvenirs. She could, why did she make a video call. She also made a simple call to the other sister Hansa.

The rain was pouring but they were not deterred at all.

After making various purchases on Mall Road, Rajoo and Rita had lunch with their friends at Hotel 'Admin' Naxos and later everyone went to their rooms to rest. But none of them knew that by the time they returned to their rooms at night, it would take a significant

time to overcome a painful loss that would forever change their lives.



The saying, 'Behind every successful man, there is a woman' rings true in the case of Rajoo Doshi, as observed by Dr Maheshwara from Junagadh. When you examine the early life events, that his saga is perfectly fitting in 1981, when Rita married Rajoo. In their wedding, it is a true husband and wife joining together. At the time, the Doshi family was struggling, working tirelessly to achieve success. However, after Rita became part of the family, prospering gradually followed her sacrifices were immense and much of the family's success came at her expense. In 1993-94, Rajoo while continuing his work in Manavadar started 'Rajoo Engineers' in Shapur Verava which required frequent travel between Manavadar and Shapur. After about three years, Rajoo decided to start a business in Shapur and in 1997, Rita's sister, Rita, was married to Manavadar while Rajoo

Rita's innate nature was defined by her culture, affection, sensitivity and a deep sense of purpose.

he took an extraordinary amount of care by 1900, the two businesses failed and he lost his assets and Rajoo returned to the Anaparthi of 'Rajoo-Engineers'. From then on, Rita and her son, Itkarsh, lived in Maravadar for nearly ten years, while Rajoo came to between Raikot and Maravadar four or five times a week. It was until 2011 that Rita and Itkarsh moved to Raikot. Until then,

Anne says, "I might have been with him for some time with Rita. My late Modi Anu (my late father) lived in Junagadh with her husband. After Modi's death, he left her and I am very sure moved to Raikot after his retirement. Rita and Itkarsh often visited Junagadh. Itkarsh would stay with my children, and the two of us—sister-in-law and brother-in-law—would do about completing various tasks in Junagadh. Rita used to create a shivling, a symbolic representation of the Hindu god Shiva, typically depicted as a smooth, cylindrical stone pillar in Manavadar, and we would have gone to Junagadh to immerse it in Yamudar Kund. We also went shopping for the annual festival of Ganesha from Junagadh."

When so it was the traveling, aided by a herself, she needed to be immersed in water, worshipping the Raikot (the abode of the serpentine god), or offering water to Lord Parashwarajay. Anne firmly believes that Rita was the driving force behind all these sacred rituals. "My brother Rajoo visited all the shrines and 'vaidik' because of Rita, and unknowingly she made him a believer too. Say, 'gauri parashwarajay' images. "We all went to Patwara to visit a shrine. The place was so dirty, unlike around Rajoo, so I am not sure if we were allowed in the temple. I changed into a plain white dress and put on a white shawl. The temple is packed with devotees demanding donations for various religious rituals, such as 'bhakti', for Lord Parashwarajay. On the first day of his life, Rajoo took part in a puja ceremony, dressed in a dhoti and wearing traditional attire like a devotional garland. Seeing the joy on Rita's face, Rajoo said, "If your gas-related pain is cured, I am ready to worship every day once we return to Raikot!"

The relationship between Rajoo and Rita was quite different. It was full of love and respect. Indeed, their bond was special. Rita wanted Rajoo to quit his smoking habit, but she never pressured or forced him. She expressed this wish only to Shavna, Anil and Jona when in fact Rajoo recalls, "When I went on trips, she would remember to keep my best cheap pipe or cigarette made from tobacco wrapped in leaves, bundle in her purse."

It was difficult for Rita to get rid of Rajoo's voluntary pipe smoking. But in the end, she managed to stay smoke-free for almost three years, however,

Manish Mehta, a friend from Manavadar, says, "If someone met Rita even once, she immediately became extremely friendly and started talking to her own."

A accident happened in 1997. Professor Chaudhary of the Jharkhand Academy of Arts and Culture, Ranchi, who was a well-known litterateur, passed away unexpectedly. In her memory, she formed a group called 'Prakriti Mitra' and launched an initiative to distribute eco-friendly handbags to pilgrims attending the Mahashivratri fair, a festival commemorating the wedding of Shiva and Parvati, as well as Shiva's divine dance, the Tandava, and the Gumar Pankrama (a spiritual practice of circumambulating the sacred Girnar mountain). The goal was to reduce the plastic pollution in the forest. We had announced that we would distribute five hundred eco-friendly bags, but with just our day left before the fair, we had only managed to collect twelve thousand eco-friendly bags.

Worried, Chirag was advised by one of his students, Gopa Raja from Manavadar, who had briefly worked as a teacher at Raja's Chhatrav School, to contact Rajoo Doshi in Rajkot. Chirag explained the situation to Rajoo over the phone. The next day Rajoo sent one thousand eco-friendly bags which Chirag joyfully received. At Rajoo's insistence, it might seem like a simple gesture, but surprisingly, Rajoo was an extremely generous member of the community. 'Rita was on a trip, and I was not like a mother who would never let her have simple pleasures. Every time we had tea, I would ensure that the fruits, food, sweets, yoghurt, mats, never-kunja (sacred fire pot used in rituals), cow ghee, clarified butter for rituals, and even cow dung cakes (used to fire the Shavan Kund) consulted her in everything and made decisions based on her advice.'

The closeness between Rajoo and Gopa Raja was evident after Chirag called Rajoo after returning to the forest. Rajoo was heavily moved by his words, especially when he saw volunteers collect 7 to 8 tons of plastic waste in recognition of this Rajoo, and Rita invited Chirag and his volunteers to her wadi where they hosted a grand celebration in their honor, showing immense respect and appreciation. If any friends or their wives mentioned wanting a late-night snack, Rita would personally prepare Ganthiya (a popular deep-fried snack in Gujarat) and serve it in a small mud-pot. Meanwhile, Rita and Rajoo served Ganthiya in a special deep-fryer, which she called Ganthi-dhuni. Forty-five people dined here for four months, but at Shrinath Bunglow, one had to enjoy Aadiya made by Rajoo six months. Some friends, acquaintances, and relatives would visit Shrutina and say, 'We've come just to eat Rita Bhabhi's Aadiya.'

'Rita, you'll live a life of happiness, wealth by all means.'

Rajoo only ate the parathas (flatbread made from a mixture of flour, water, and oil) Rita made with tea at night, but a full meal was always prepared for everyone else."

After Rajod introduced his friend Mukesh Mehra, a bullfighter from Rajasthan, who had a similar thought. "We've often stop or avoid their husbands when it comes to donations. If the husband is ready to give five thousand, the wife might suggest, 'Give three thousand. There's no need to donate so much.' This is a common sentiment. But Rita was different. If Rajod was donating fifty thousand, she would say 'Rajodha give a little more!' She was the first and only woman I ever saw act like this. Rita was truly one of a kind."

Rajod Doshi was introduced to Mukesh Mehra for charitable purposes. Mukesh and his friends run a food court during the Manashivratni fair, offering lemonade to pilgrims during the annual tankrama. Rajod Doshi joined his effort and over time, the Doshi family became close to the Mehta family. Ratana Mehta says, "You will never find even one percent of pride in a girl."

But Rajod and Rajodha didn't end up together. The two couples lived the old-fashioned Mumbai life, in which lemonade was served. Rita suggested, "Rajodha, we should stay here for three days during the tankrama. Rajod immediately agreed, saying, "We'll stay next year. The following year, Rajod built a beautiful tent next to Mukesh's lemonade stand, which impressed everyone, including Mukesh. The tent had four beds and a toilet, and in it, Rajod and Rita stayed for two nights along with their friends Bhukha and Sarla.

Rajod used to tell Mukesh Mehra, "Honest Officer Kuresh Thakur, and all their friends, including Dr. Maheshwari. "If you ever visit the Manavadar side, be sure to stop by for a meal and treat us to give us a surprise visit. If you find any issue with the food, just let us know, and we'll change the cooks." Kuresh Thakur says of Rita, who always insisted on providing healthy pure and tasty food to her elderly at the old age home built by the Doshi family in Manavadar. "Rita was the bridge of the family, always kind to the weaker people. She had a heart full of compassion."



Rajodha Bhukha and Sarla will leave on day after the fair will be over. Over at Rajod's home, On the evening of the fair, Rajod was sitting with his friends. Ratana Mehta on Mukesh's side shared her thoughts with everyone. For a moment, attention turned to her. Bhukha, Rasik, and Janas nephew was about to get engaged, so Rajod Doshi had booked their flight tickets for the 21st. At that time, the return tickets for the rest of the group were booked for the 24th of April, but

was unclear. Rajodha and Parmpo had decided to go, and Anup Modi had already canceled their participation in the tour due to unavoidable reasons. Now the third couple, Bhukha and Sarla were also set to leave for Raikot the following day. With this in mind, everyone felt that

the trip wouldn't be as enjoyable without them.

Rajoo Doshi echoed everyone's thoughts, saying, "It's the case. Let's go. But let's go early!"

But Rajoo had one wish. Rita said her face clearly expressing her happiness about leaving Mussoorie early. She shared her wish to visit Shankesh before heading back to Haridwar to take a holy dip in the Ganga and pay a visit to Lord Shiva.

At that moment, no one knew what fate had in store for Rita's simple wish. But it was enough for Rajoo Doshi to make her wish come true. That very night he went to the reception of Hotel Radwan and spoke to them. "We will need you in the morning."

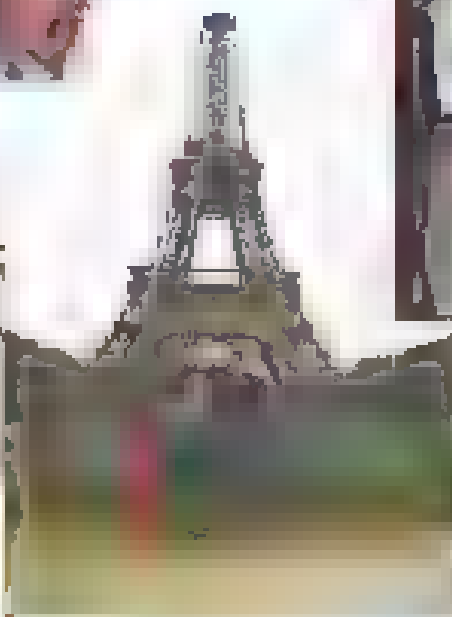
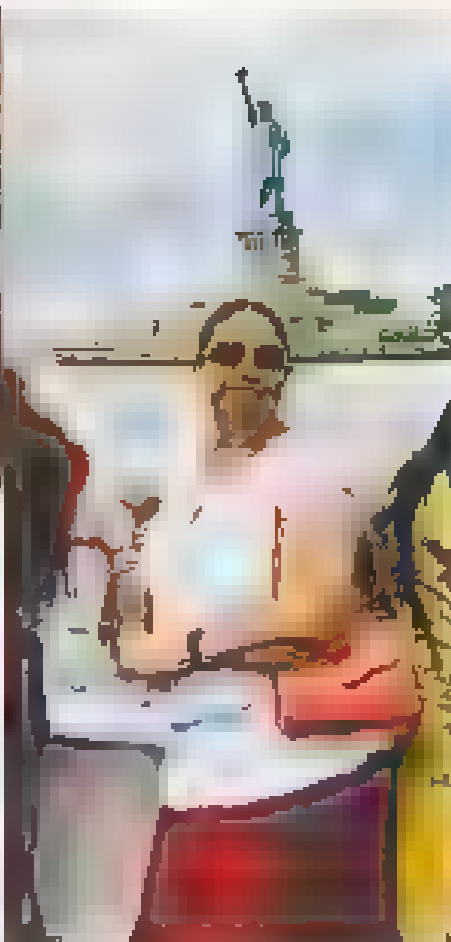
There was a brief silence at the reception as the party who had made advance bookings and payment for April 24 now changed to leave on day earlier.

However, Rajoo Doshi had already contacted his travel agent before arriving at the hotel reception. So the arrangement would be taken care of via Varanasi and he was on the 22nd of April. All their tickets were changed to the 22nd.

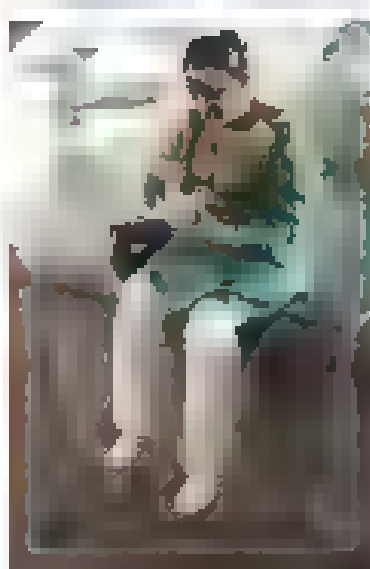
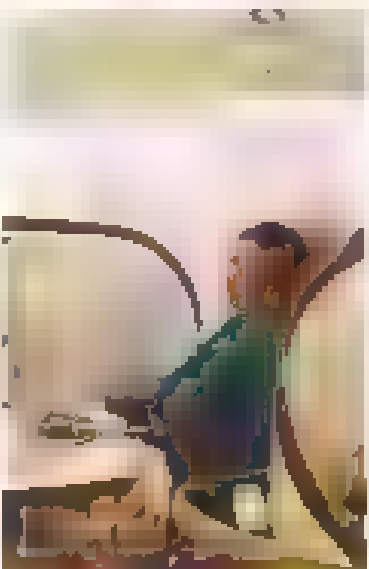
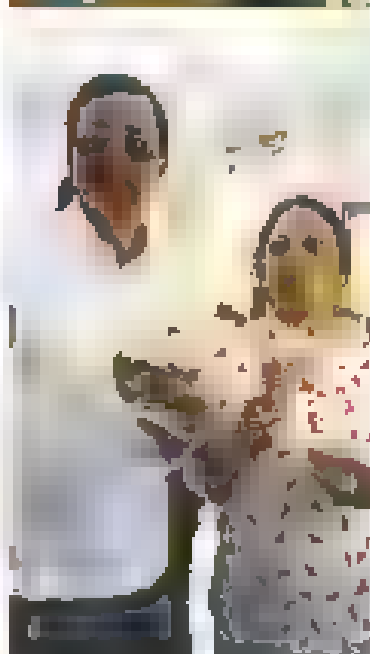
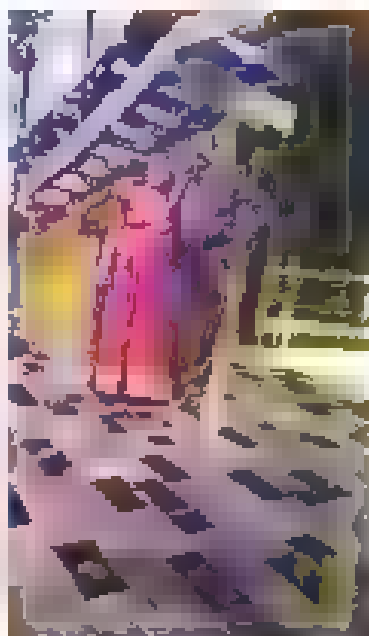
But at that moment, no one knew who would go, when, or how. They would each have their own destination.

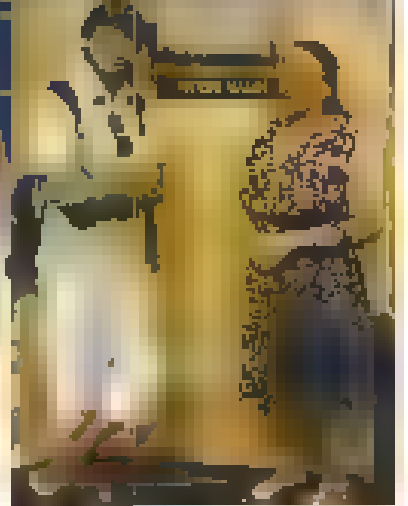
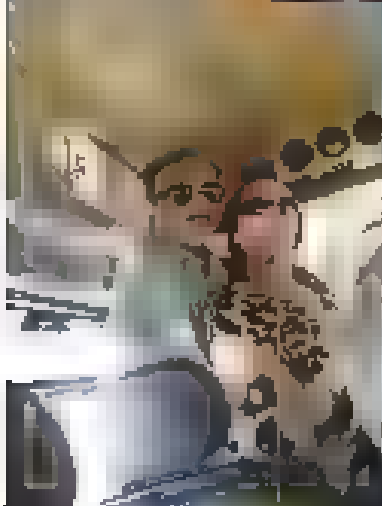
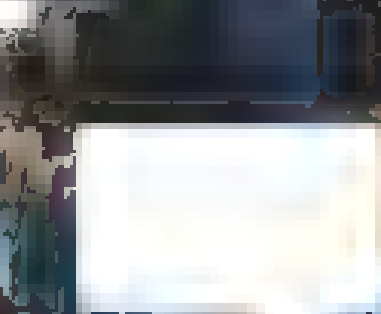
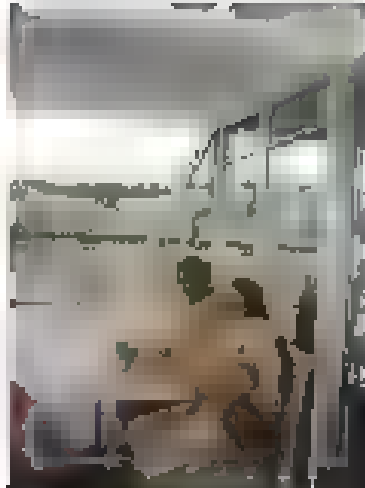
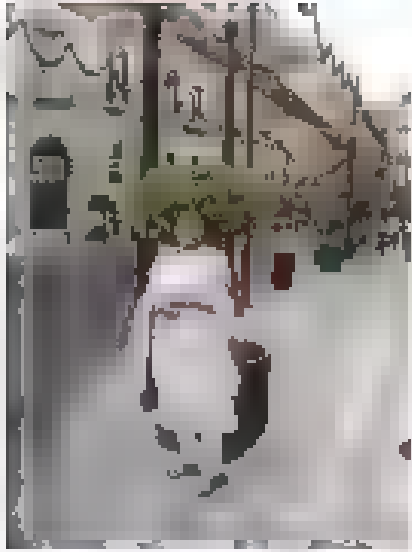
At that moment,
no one knew
what fate had in
store behind
Rita's simple
wish.

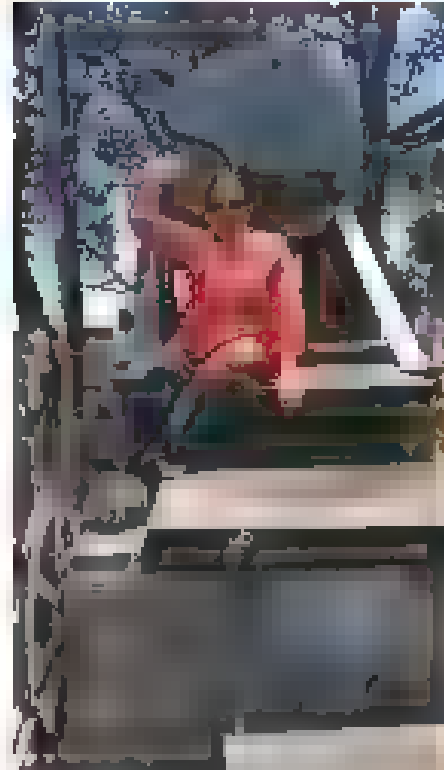
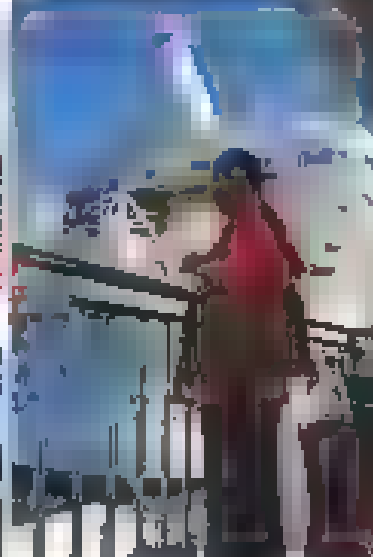
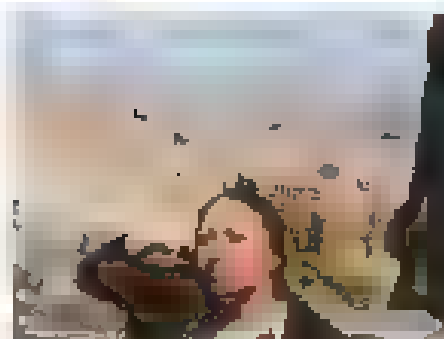
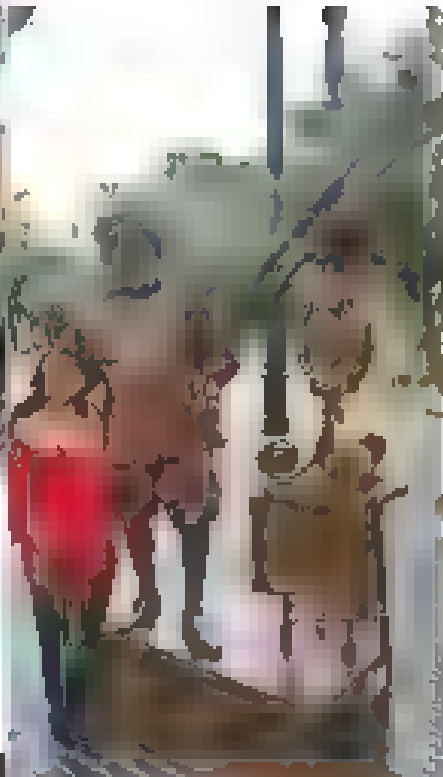




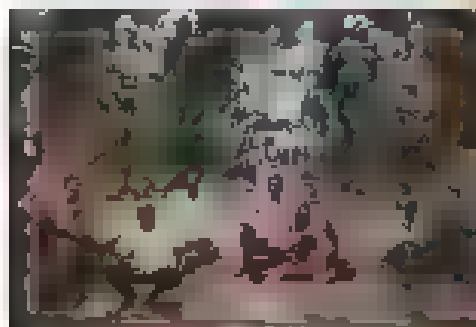
Enlivened Travels
Memories of overseas trips
coloring the world together



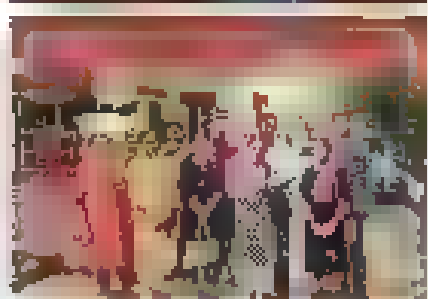
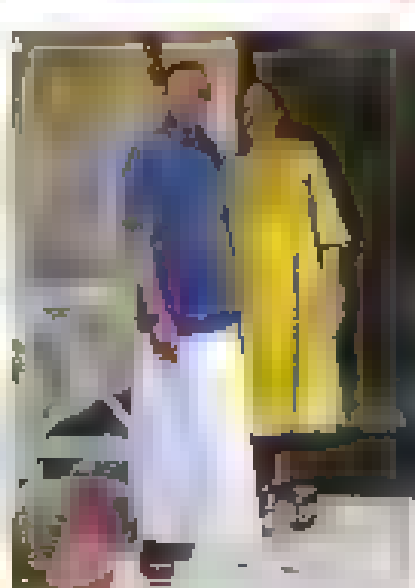
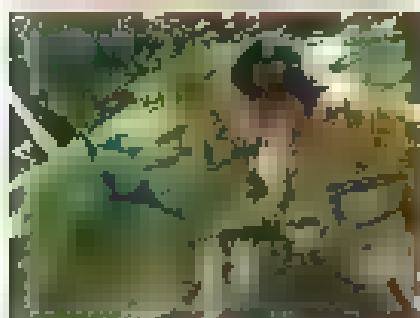
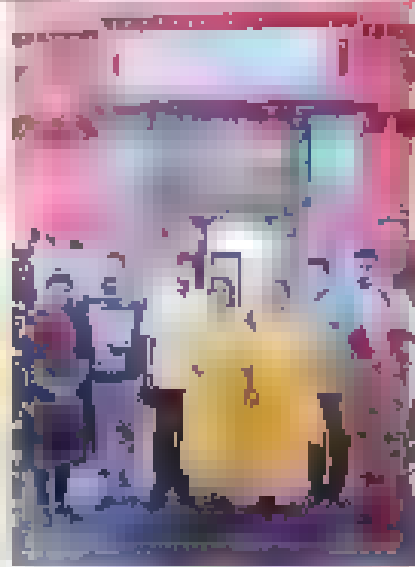


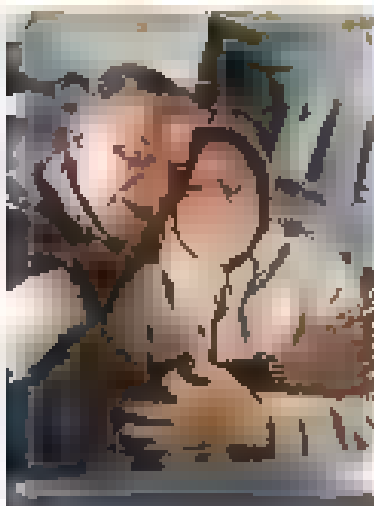
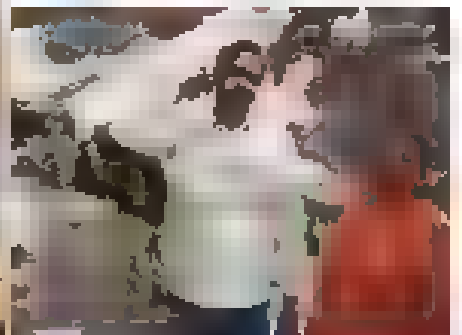
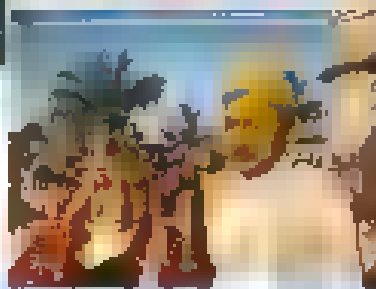
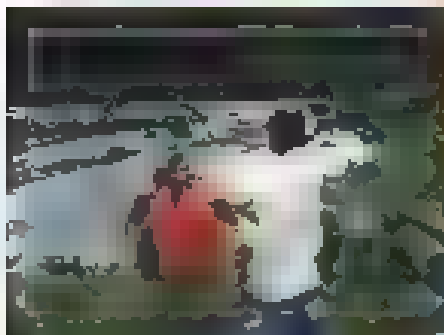
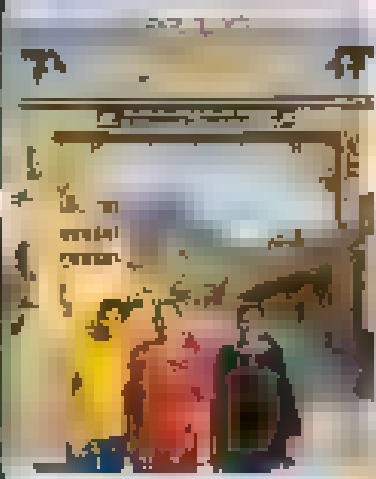
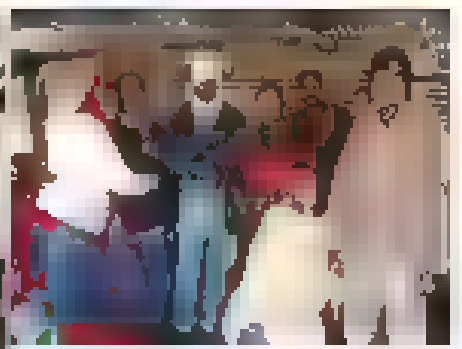
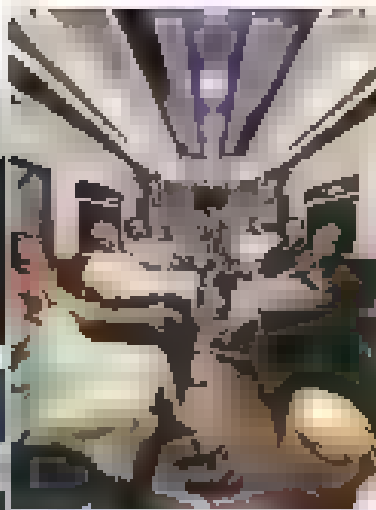


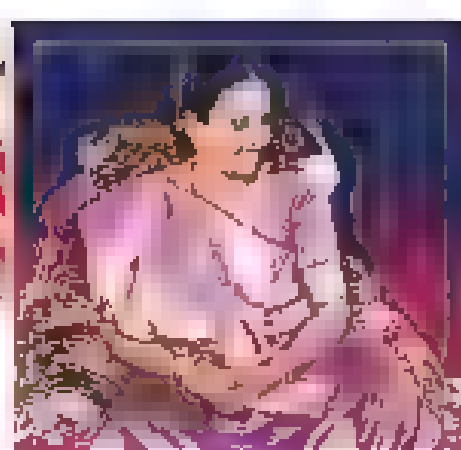
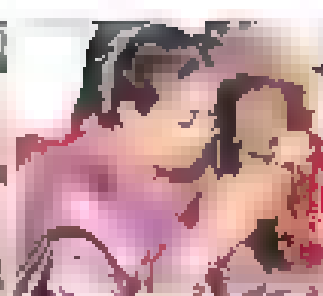
Twelve friends, including Rajso Raa, vow to perform the darshan of the twelve gold images together



Spiritual Blessings
Received - Sri Raa
was able to complete the
darshan of the twelve
during
at home & lunch.

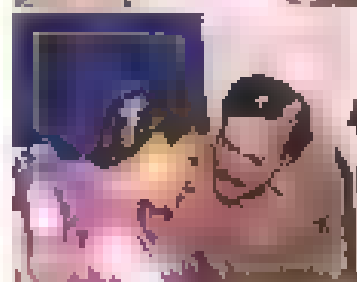
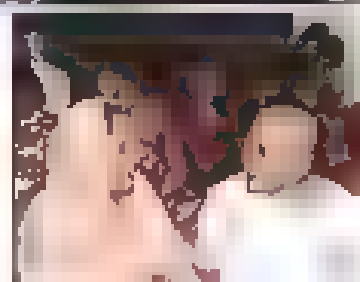
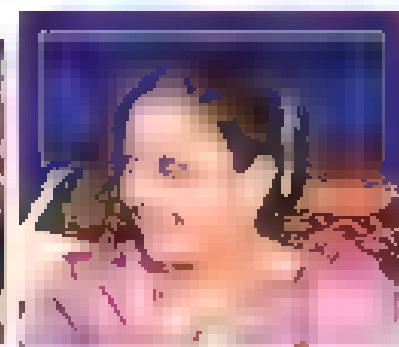
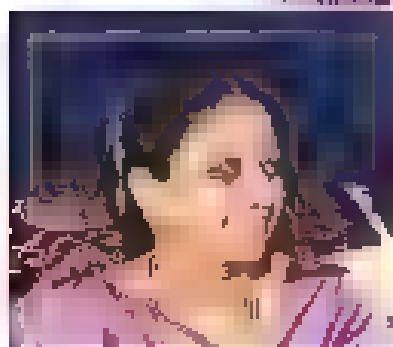


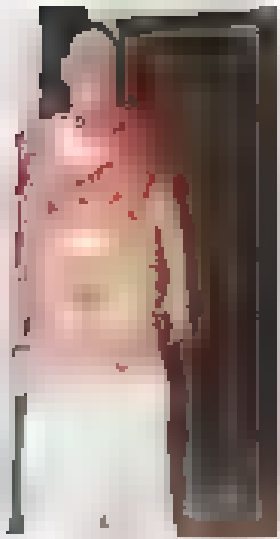




12

The Parana of the
'Willies' on
September 1, 2004.





Chaitra Sud Choth, Wednesday

Fourth day of the waxing moon phase 'Chukia Paksha' in the Hindu month of Chaitra

April 20, 2022

After enjoying a delicious breakfast, everyone gathered at the grounds of Param Niwas Hotel. That day marked the birthday of Madam Mishra, wife of Raju and everyone was taking photos with their phones. And then came the time of the 'Aarti' performed by 37-year-old Anshu. She turned to Raju, Dushyant and 'Rajiv' and gave each phone number one of the 'Aarti' songs.

What was the almighty's intention behind Rita's words? After the phone numbers could not be known.

After the photography session, everyone left the Radhika Niwas Hotel in Mussorie and Raju and boarded the travel tempo all excited as the tempo made its way toward Shikesh Khatun parvati. Was happier than anyone, for she was heading to Shikesh, the sacred land of Mahadev.

Mahadev, with the Ganga flowing from his matted hair, and Ganga on the left side of the temple had always held a special place in Rita's heart. Just seven months ago, when she and Raju and Anshi traveled to Varanasi with a few friends, Raju's childhood friend, Hasmukh Mahavardani, recalled, Rita made us all take an oath to go to the temple. She made us swear with a wish that on the next Bhai Beej (October 26-27, 2022), we would all go to Cokul-Mahadev together for a 'shani' auspicious sight of a deity or a holy person!!

Rita had a special love for traveling, especially visiting pilgrimage sites. However, she

always stayed at everyone's dwi-har during their trips. The same was the case for Rajoo who would organise sightseeing programs or events at the farm in the lap of Ginnar making sure Rita found immense joy and happiness during these trips.

The trip to Mussoorie in May 1990 was initially planned for Rajoo and Rita for a "week-end" trip. But when it was realised that it would be difficult to spend so many days together, Rajoo told me "So Rajibhai, arrange a week-end trip, but only if everyone is together. Then it will be fun!" Consequently, Rajoo arranged a trip to Mussoorie from April 18 to April 22. However, just three days before the trip, the entire itinerary was changed. In the evening of April 18, the plan was revised: they would now leave for Rishikesh, stay there for two days, and then fly to Rajkot on April 22. With these changes, Rajoo and Rita expressed their wish for their other friends to stay in Mussoorie and return to Rajkot on April 24, as originally planned.

But none of us wanted to stay in Mussoorie without Rajoo and Rajoo. Madhu Manavadhara, Hasrnuks wife, said "So, we all insisted on staying together and traveling to Rajkot together on April 24."

On the morning of April 20, the Daxa family and the group departed for the Pashu-Nagar Hotel in Mussoorie for Rishikesh. Rajoo, who loved playing jokes with the women, said "This trip is a long journey, so let's do some activities." However, since the trip from Mussoorie to Rishikesh was only four and a half hours, everyone decided to play Aakashar, a singing game, instead.

and the air was filled with the cheerful hum of songs.



"You'll please me just because she was my younger sister," said what Rita said, happily, any other woman would do," said Rita's elder sister, Ansa Korhar. "Rita was exceptional in social matters. She never missed a single responsibility and never shied away from them. She was a crush for me. As Gattu had grown up with Rita from the time she was born, Rita also cared for my mother, Gurdip, and her mother-in-law Mrs. Champa.

In addition to her serene and calm, Rita had a remarkable ability to help others. She helped those around her. When her mother-in-law Champa was bedridden due to age and health, Rita brought her husband Hambha, Kanch Wadga's mother, from Manavadar to arrange a bungalow so that the two could meet and spend time together. It was a wonderful responsibility for the kitchen at Shruti, allowing the elder sisters-in-law, Ansa and Nita, to spend more time at religious places.

garment and a shawl, giving her a sense of peace.

Meanwhile, on the temple grounds of Kishikesh, Rita received a call from her friend and sister-in-law, Jayashree from Rajkot. They began chatting, and Rajoo overheard everything by standing close by. He didn't much like it, but he let Rita know that he was listening to everything and didn't want to cause a scene.

Rita's words, because of me, made everyone, including Rajoo Doshi, want to explain that they weren't bound by it. In fact, it was because of her that they were able to travel so much and grow spiritually through pilgrimages. Madhu Manavadar admitted, "We would never have made it had that not been for you. It was only because of Rita that we could."

Just as he left, Rajoo entered Kishikesh. It was three in the afternoon.



Used to call Rita 'Kakma' (Aunt) because she was Khushboo's aunt, said Advocate Paras Boddha, a Hindu Master, according to Kishikesh, one can help alleviate another's pain. Paras and Khushboo had been classmates in sixth grade, which is how he got to know the Doshi family. Paras often gave Rita the nickname 'Kakma' to show her respect and affection. "My wife and I can't wait to see you, Rita, from Rajkot, and all the time we're so busy with our work that we can't visit often," he said.

"Rita had a unique personality—one you could see or feel with a glance and still not find"

and renowned medical Dr. Rajesh Patel from Rajkot. She had remarkable situational awareness and was never disarmed. Even when she was in a medical dispute, she remained calm and never showed her fear."

Dr. Rajesh Patel, along with Rhavna Patel, daughter-in-law of Turbo Group and Sona Shah, became a part of the Doshi family. They were Ganesh devotees and had a long history of helping the community. In 2018, Rajoo and Rita Doshi were returning from Nageshwar Temple when they noticed a small idol placed along the way. At Rita's request, Rajoo arranged for a mandap, a servant, to stay overnight and prepare for the festival.

The following day, they installed an eight-foot Ganesh idol

Rita always said that after fulfilling all her

reasons for living,

she wanted to

retire to the

house in

Manavadar and

live at the end of

the lap of Ginnar

marking the beginning of Doshi and Arora's journey. Rita, though a bit hesitant at first, had deep faith in Arav's beliefs. Bhanu Patel, Rita's best friend, explains, "Actually, niece Khushboo had been struggling to conceive, so Arav vowed to celebrate a Janesh Ekadashi. After the first festival, Khushboo received good news, and from then on, Rita decided to continue the celebration for a year or two."



Jaymin: "Let's go to Haridwar!"

Rajoo Doshi insisted, so Jaymin Joshi and Bhikha Dekiwadia both joined the travel camp, and it headed toward Haridwar. Jaymin was a bit upset because after reaching Gishwash, he had rented an "Activa (motorbike)" to check a nearby hotel by the Ganga Ghat. However, he couldn't find any hotel with five rooms for five couples as he had hoped.

Jaymin eventually found a hotel, but it was across a bridge, which Rita rejected. They didn't want Rita to undergo any extra strain or discomfort, which could negatively affect her health. Jaymin even offered to take Rita to the hotel on the Activa, but Rajoo remained firm.

Elavayalpet was in the "Ganga Sadak" in Haridwar. The ground floor of the hotel was the largest temple, dating back centuries. This was the same place where the women had all stayed during the Char Dham tour in October 2011. The hotel's premises, the staff, and the Ganga Ghat were as familiar to the Doshi family and their friends. Fortunately, five rooms were available, but by the time they reached Haridwar and Ganga Sadak,

it was six o'clock, and the aarti was about to begin. Marsh came up with a plan. Rajoo Doshi, along with all the women, including Rita, would go to the Ganga Ghat for the aarti, while Marsh and the other men would handle the hotel check-in and luggage, waiting for them for the aarti.

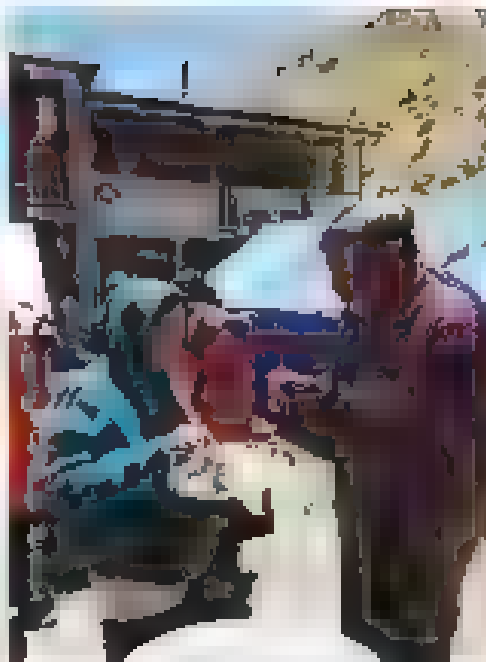
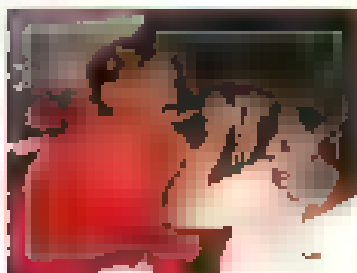
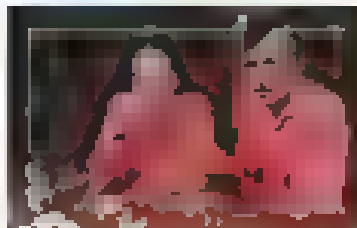
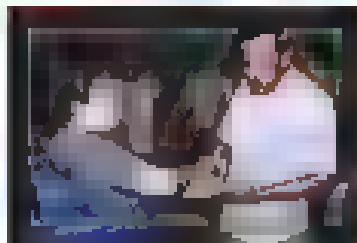
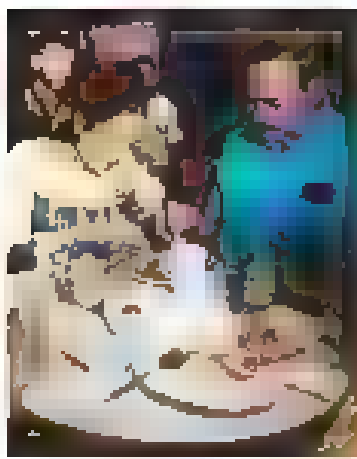
"That works!" Rajoo agreed. Before leaving with all the women, he urged, "But make sure the rooms are facing the Ganga."

With that, Rajoo Doshi departed with Rita and the other wives in separate cycle rickshaws, heading for what would be Rita's final Ganga Aarti, the one she had always cherished.

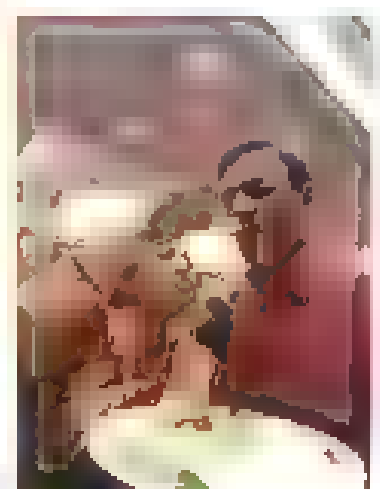
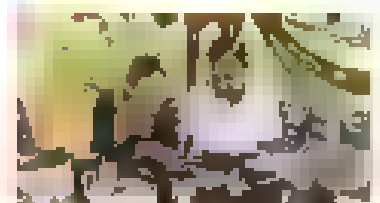
In fact, it was because of her that they were able to travel so much.

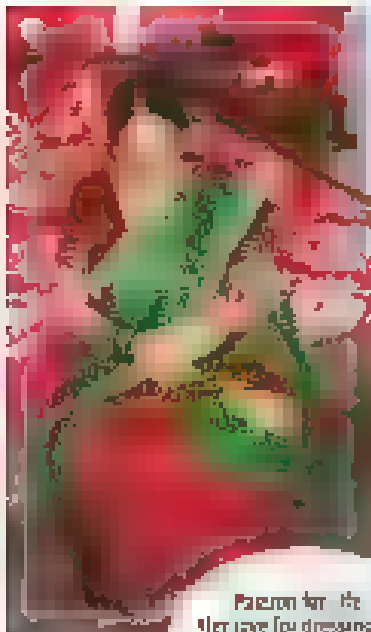
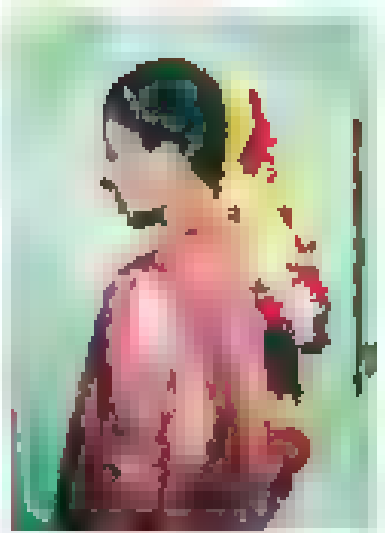
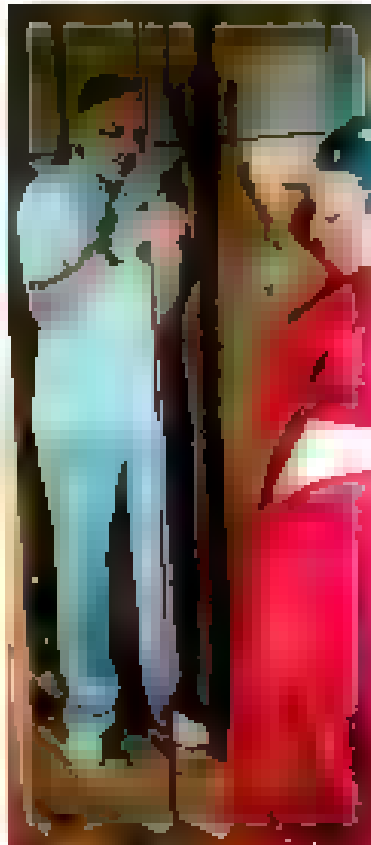
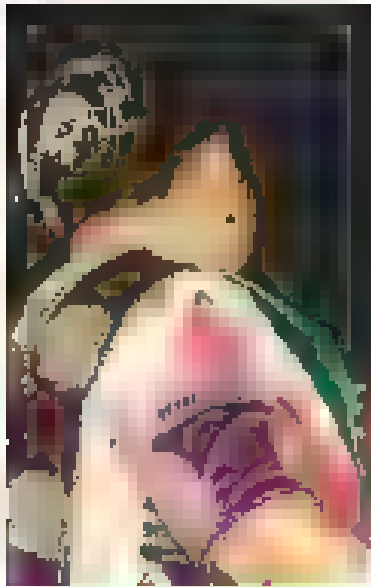
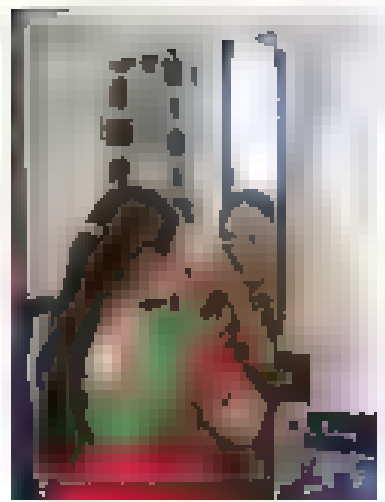
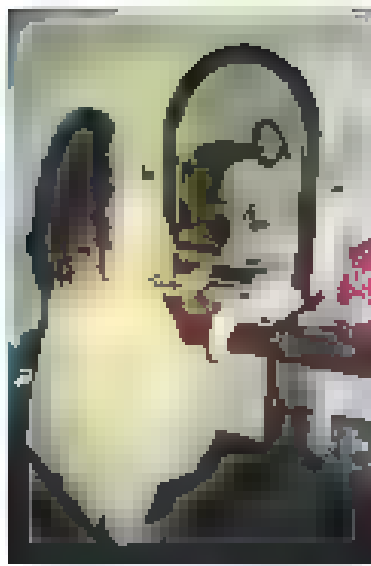
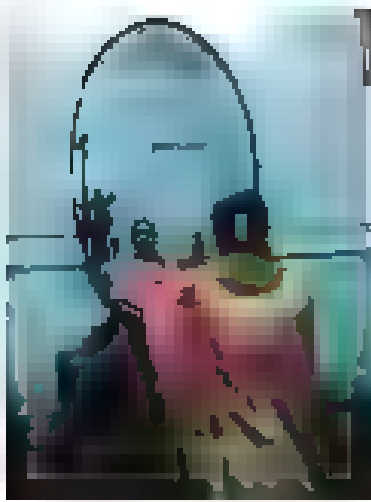




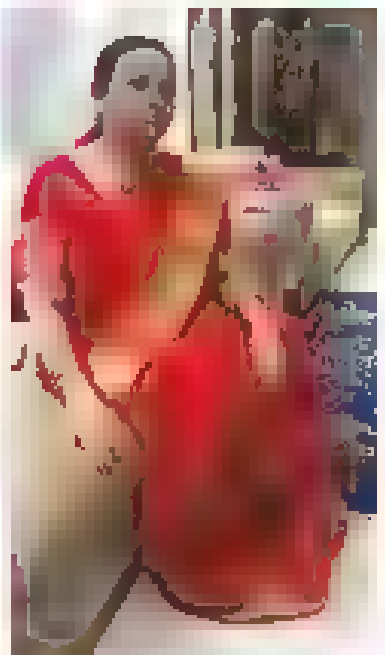


Tea time after tradition
of Rajas and Raza
eating from the same plate.



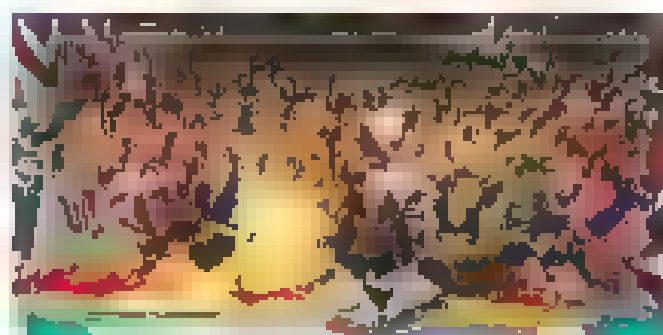
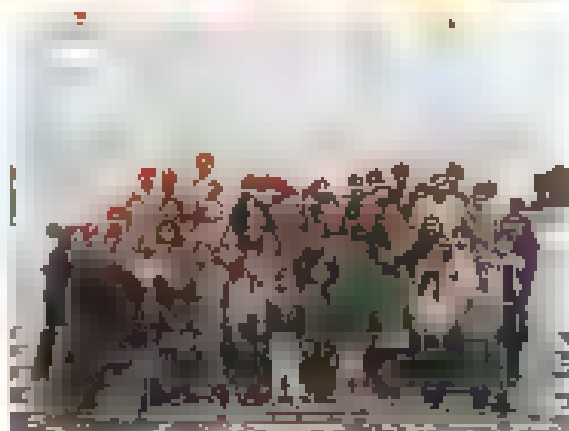


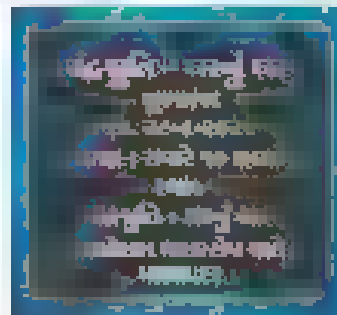
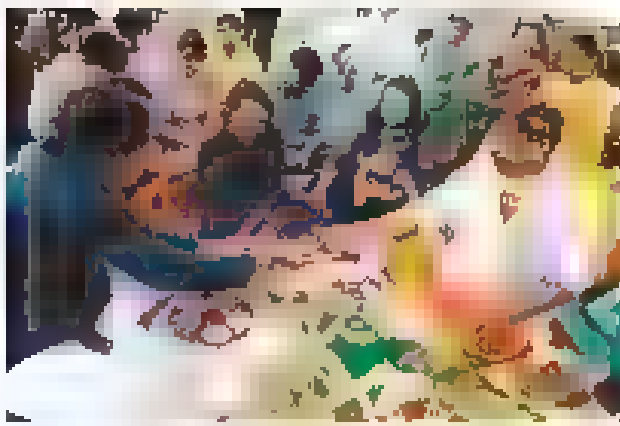
Portrait for the
After save for dressing up
make-up after sing
to the main spirit.





A successful
Managing - master of
Shalghav School





Chaitra Sud Fifth, Thursday
the fifth day of the waxing moon phase Shukla Paksha in the Hindu month of Chaitra.

April 2, 2022

It was a bright midday and in due to officially entered a new day. Harimukh she was already at the entrance of the house. In the Ganaga area, after the bath, while her wife Madhu was washing her hands after washing them in the washbasin just thirty minutes earlier, she had applied soothing powder to Rita's skin to ease the irritation caused by the allergic rash that appears on the skin. Kewal, Rana, and Pooja were also in the room with Rita.

A few minutes later, everyone had telephoned Pooja's father, who met her at the entrance of Ganaga Sadak. As they walked towards the Ramlila in the morning, they had heard that the Shri Ram Dohari that they would not make a cake to celebrate Pooja's birthday that night.

It was time for the evening part of the Ganaga Chai. When the group decided to make an arrangement and make a cup of cardamom tea in the Rishabdev Rajput house, his wife Rita and her two children were already at the gate, and he was already in the house. Meanwhile, Manish, Jayant, Anshu, and Nikh and Harimukh accompanied the group of people at Ganaga Sadak, passed their belongings in their rooms, and joined the others at the assembly before it began.

On the way to the assembly venue Rita's husband called her cousin Pandit Hemanshu, who was in Haridwar. He met her at the assembly and she was very excited to see him and allowed him to dip in the river Ganaga.

By eight o'clock the children, including the twins, returned. Gita had a rest and from the zang and gathered on the terrace for dinner. Gita more interested in seeing the birthday cake. Her young sister, Nitya Mehta, then in dancing, encouraged everyone to order a cake at the reception. The cake arrived and everyone sat down to enjoy it after cutting it. During the meal, Khushboo and Gita talked, and Gita spoke with them.

At that moment, he knew that Rula was speaking to her daughter's son for the first time, making her a two-thirds of her line. The atmosphere at that time was different. On Pooja's birthday, everyone had shared sweets and taken photographs, exchanging warm greetings. Afterward, Maya descended from the terrace of Wangsadan.

[illegible]

Who can predict tomorrow? This has always been humanity's weakness. No one ever truly knows what the days or months or years will bring upon them, be they Raju, Rajendra and his children, were unaware that at a future date a letter from the distant Muzak Manavadasa, Manoj Mehta, Jayshri Anwar and Bhikhi Deokar would drop on their nightstand with the intention of fulfilling their wives and sisters' raw requests for Matka Kaar. To be exact with a spice mixture. After drinking soda, enjoying paan and bringing some back for their wives, they began discussing their plans for the following day in Haridwar. They decided they would visit the market. Hasमुख Manavadasa then called Rajkumar to get a contact number from his daughter-in-law who provided him with the phone number of a restaurant owner from Jamjodhpurwala.

We'll go there for a meal tomorrow. Masamichi said after receiving the number 3, the group returned to the Janga Jadan hotel. It was a happy moment. They realized the women who had gathered in Rita Yoshi's room had all returned to their own rooms because

As a part of the "Work of a Lifetime" campaign, the Department of Social Services is seeking the following for its "Lifelong Learning" goal:

After we reach Rajkot we will take a short bus ride to the village near Mahavadar!! said Madhu, who had just returned to her home from Rila's. She was concerned about A.R.'s health, as she had been very ill, and she was very sad and surprised they did not go and see her in Rajkot. She was saying, 'We will definitely go and see her, yes, yes, we'll do it'. Apparently Rila's health will improve with this.

At that very moment Rajoo Singh entered his room - he was gasping for air, holding a

that he had come from his friends' deaths but he had not shed a tear.

Rajoo immediately noticed that Rita appeared more tired and unwell than usual:

☹ ☹ ☹

Rita Doshi had always been the kind of person who remained cheerful despite physical wear and tear. It would go out of her way to make others happy or make them feel better. Perhaps that was something she had inherited from her deceased Rajoo Doshi. There was a woman from Junagadh who earned her modest income by doing odd jobs for rich families and serving them and her friends. A woman from a wealthier family might not do such a thing, but when Rita met this woman,

"Rajoo had a tendency to help in a way that preserved his dignity. He would say, 'I am not doing this for you, I am doing this for my wife.' So, I am doing this for my wife. I am from Raktol and ask her to buy a Dhoti for my sarees and send them to me. She would send them, but by buying these sarees, Rita was financially supporting that woman. I know this for a fact."

Rita's observation is apt. Rita had a unique ability to adjust herself to make those around her feel comfortable. In her, Rita possessed an incredible sense of empathy. She often helped her elderly and ailing father-in-law with his needs and education. Jayant Mandalia, a teacher at Mahasudan Government High School and his wife, who were childless, received the same level of respect from Rita as one would give to parents. Similarly, Madhusudan Jangra, head teacher of Rita's Shaishav school, was also childless, yet he was treated both couples with utmost care and respect, as though they were her own parents. When Jayant Mandalia suffered from heart blockage, Rita took him and his wife to Mumbai, paying for his treatment in Sakinaka. She even arranged for a nurse to bring him back to Mahasudan after his heart surgery. Attention that is not given to children. Sanjay, who works as the principal of Shaishav School, for the last 15 years, recalled that the school often incurred losses amounting to thousands of thousands of rupees. This was because Rita would not only waive the students' fees but also provide them with books, notebooks, and stationery. She never charged fees from any student from Galway, the Doshi family's ancestral village.

Whether it was the buttermilk center in Mahasudan that had been running since 2006, the Chimbakoshwar Marathi

None ever truly
knows what fate
has in store or
own nature will
surprise them the
next day

seemed to provide some relief, but it didn't last long.

Rajoo realised that the soda wasn't enough, so without hesitation, she began to vomit. Rita felt nauseous, as though she might vomit. In the past, vomiting had always helped her pain and vomiting gradually subsided. However, today her pain was intense and she was unable to eat. In Rajkot, doctors tried different medicines, but couldn't cure her. Rita temporarily hoped that vomiting would provide some relief.

She even tried to force it, inserting her fingers deep into her throat in an attempt to cause a sick attack in her stomach, but she was unsuccessful. Rajoo also sensed that the situation was serious. Perhaps it was due to an irregular diet. When Rita couldn't vomit and her pain was only worsening, when the time came that she was struggling to eat in Rajkot, Doshi gently said, "but a jayin Goswami, who was the best doctor in the area, had a deterioration come quickly."

Jaymin Goswami immediately woke up and rushed to Rajoo and Rita Doshi's room. His wife, Rekha, went to knock on the doors of Bhikhi, Jagdish, and Jaymukhi, coming to help him out. "Rita's health is not good. We need to act fast."



The jayin who stayed with me for a lifetime, Jays Di Rajpuri, later a gastroenterologist from Rajkot, was never able to fully cure Rita's gastric issues though, provided temporary relief at the time.

In November 2017, Rita began struggling with declining health. At that time, when a doctor told her that she had to take antibiotics, while she recovered quickly from the course, the antibiotics used for treatment triggered persistent gastric issues.

It wasn't the first time her health had been a concern. In 2017, Rita had experienced diarrhoea and constipation, which led to multiple hospital visits. Several months later, during Rajpuri's treatment, however, an alternative medicine sought diagnoses and treatments from various doctors in Rajkot, Ahmedabad, Junagadh, Navsar, and Jamnagar. Each time, her test results were assessed as moderate.

Rajpuri, who had successfully treated many difficult cases with alternative medicine, left behind an unending legacy.

The whole Doshi family is so kind that if we needed they would lend money to the needy even if they have to borrow that interest.

At the Ritu Ashram, he was fully immersed in all sorts of medicine. He had also invited Dr. Jamnagar, who was close with his brother-in-law Rajendra Kothari, to accompany Ritu to Navsar for treatment, and Sonu Chatterjee, her doctor, who at Rajesh Patel's behest started homeopathic treatment while years earlier Ayurvedic researcher Dr. Animesh Jharia from Kurendnagar had helped alleviate her symptoms. In addition, Paras Buddhadev brought Ayurvedic help to relieve her physical pain. Ritu also organized a ten-day naturopathy camp in July 2021 at her wedding. They arranged for homeopathy equipment, including a table in the hotel for Ayurvedic treatment, but it was all in vain. Little did she know that her husband had been diagnosed with a severe and spreading cancer. During these days, yet another incident involving Ritu took place. One year so, lying in bed, and nursing pain in hopes of improving her health, while her appointment helped, her gastric issues never fully disappeared.

At the Cangasabad hotel in Haridwar, a few days after battling her cancer, agonizing gastric pain.



It was 2021.

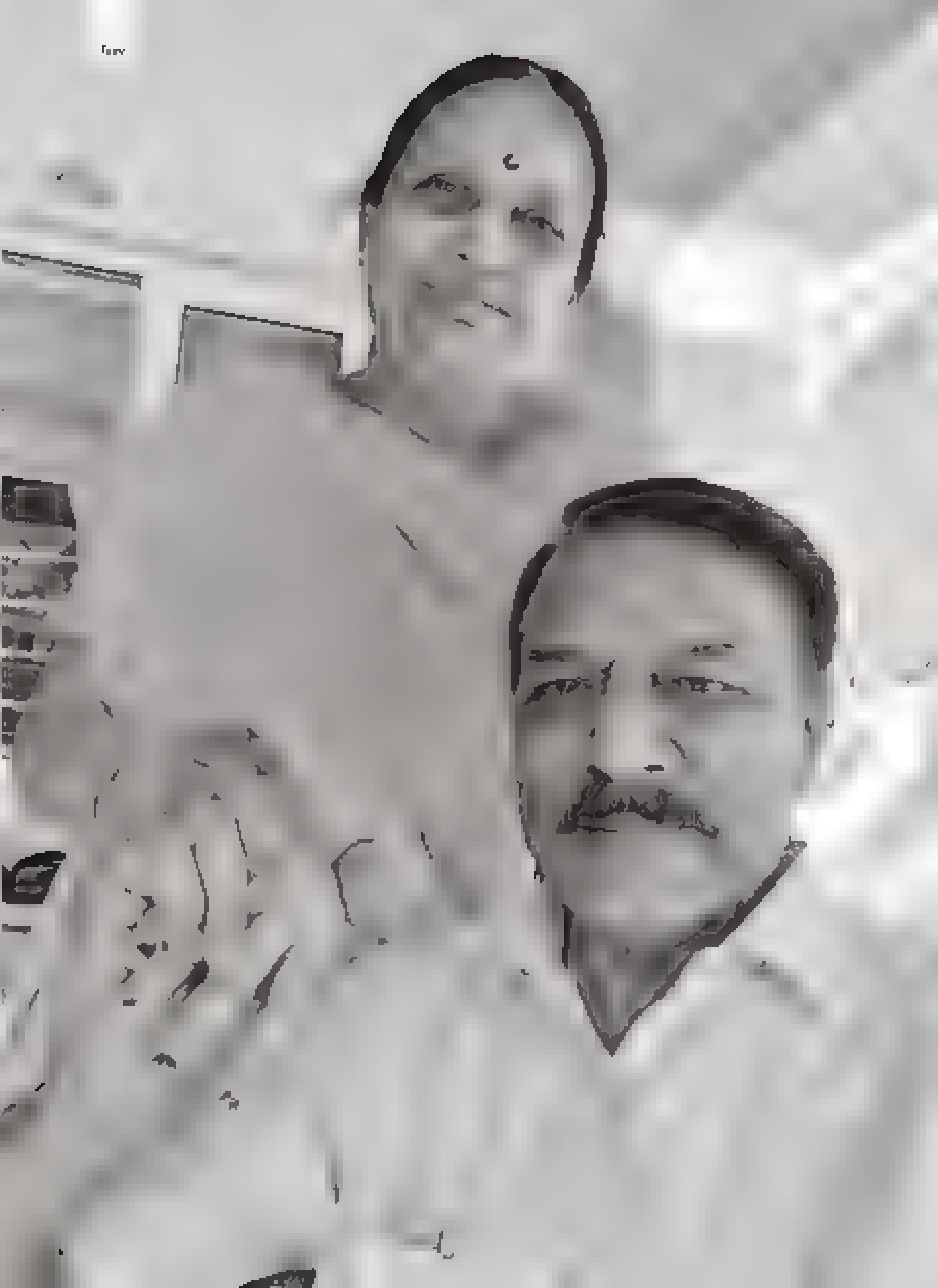
All the friends had gathered in Rajoo and Ritu's room. Ritu's condition had worsened. She had died earlier, but instead of coming to life, her mouth had gone numb. Her window. Now, she was struggling to breathe.

The women surrounded her, trying to comfort her. Fifteen minutes had already passed since Manish had rushed to the hotel reception, urgently requesting a doctor and an ambulance. Meanwhile, Rajoo and Jaymin were applying pressure to Ritu's chest, trying to ease her breathing. But the struggle was so intense that the pressure on her chest felt unbearable. Ritu was choking. Pupils were dilated, barely seemed to move. At that moment, the doctor arrived. He checked her pulse and remained silent, his face grim.

was now 2021 and the room was silent.

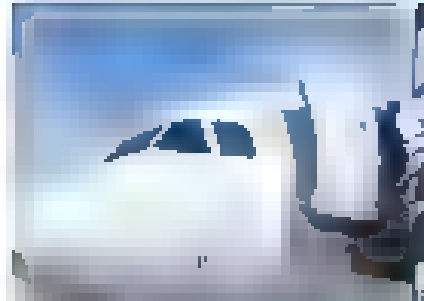
Rajoo Doshi stood motionless, speechless. The air in the room was thick with the realization that something had gone terribly wrong. And then just like that, everything went quiet.

At the Cangasabad hotel in Haridwar, Ritu was once again battling the same agonizing gastric pain.





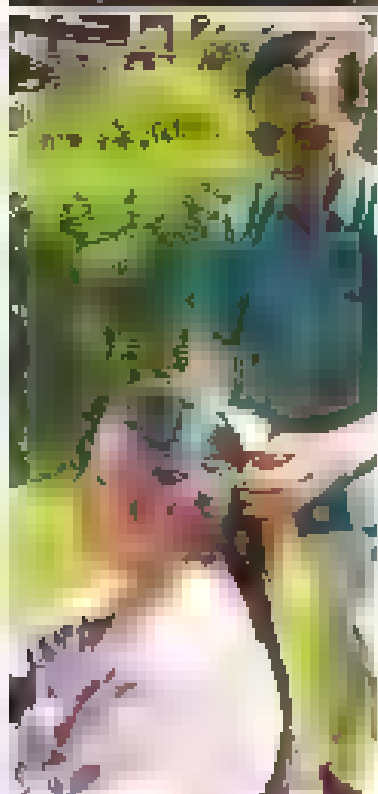
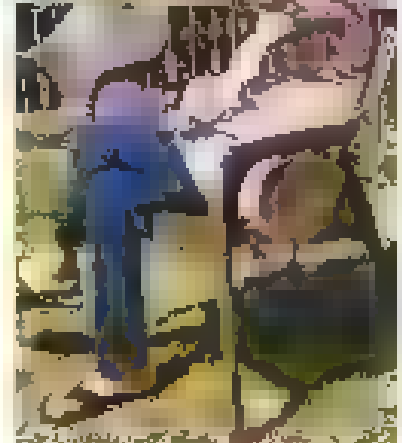
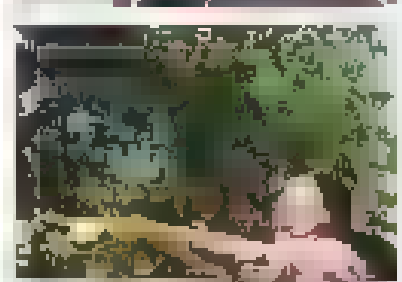
The last picture at the temple on April 2

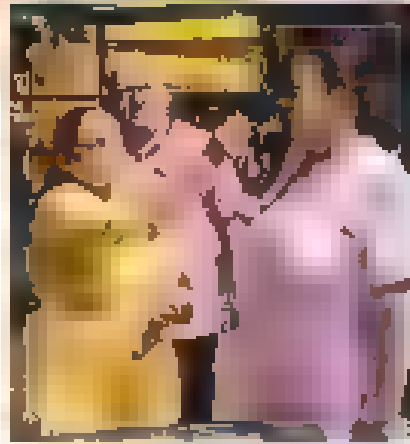
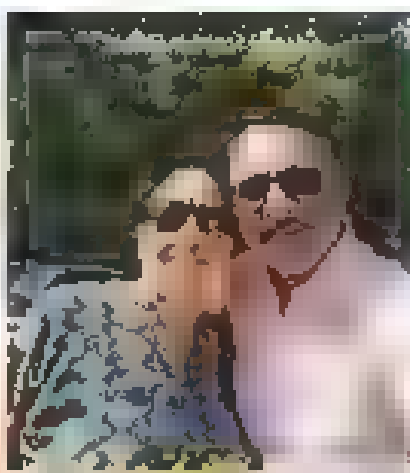


the white tent



the photo will be heading to the airport





Burly 75th in 1st April

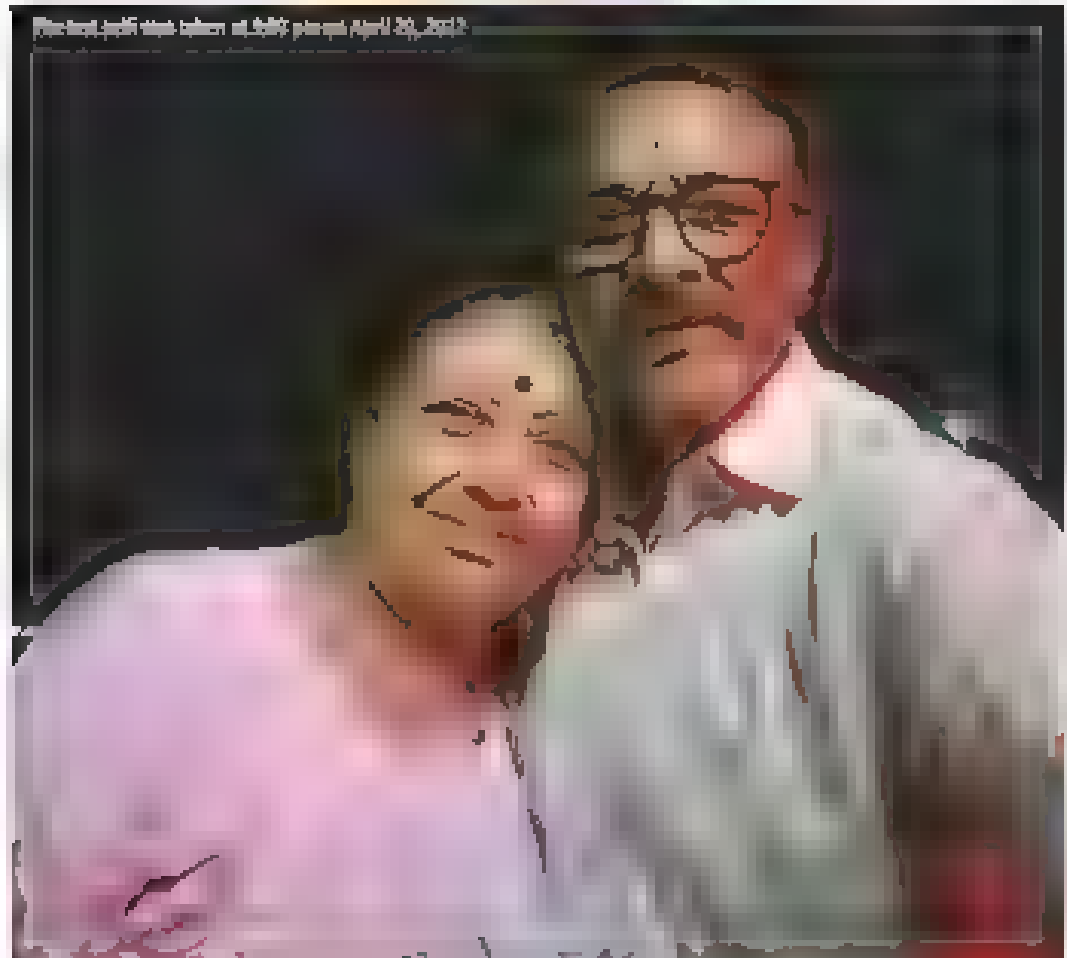
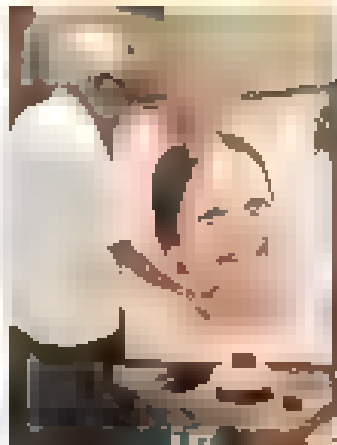
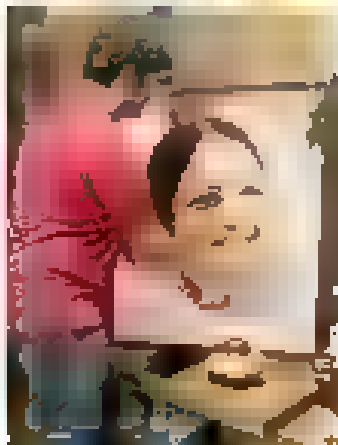
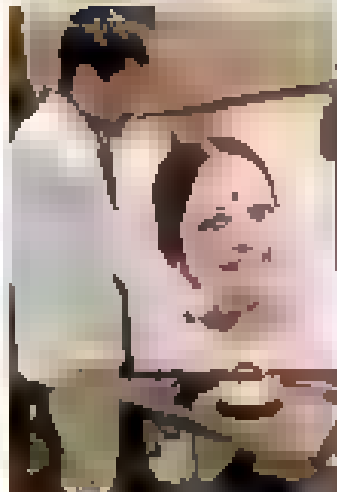
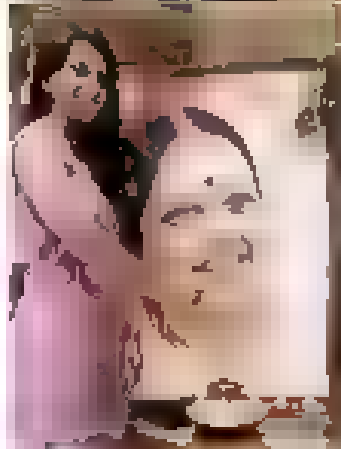
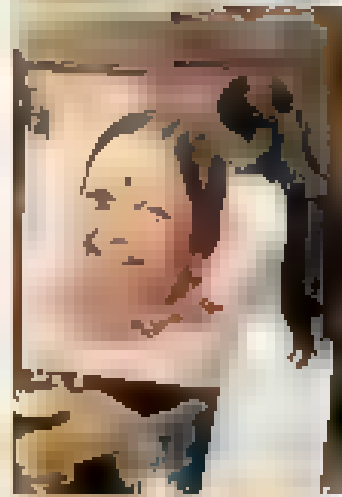
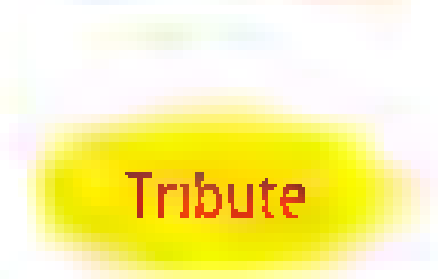
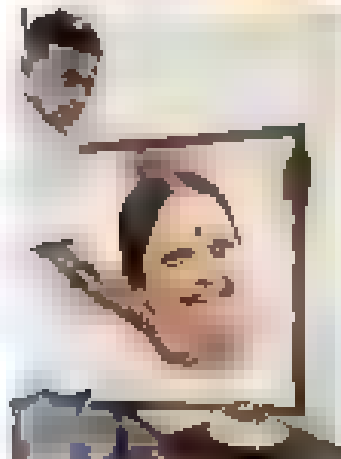
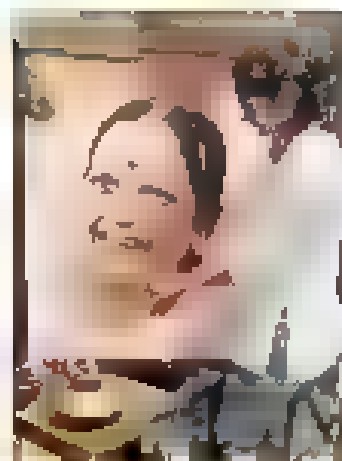


Photo of 75th birthday celebration at 50th birthday April 29, 2012





The look of Rajoo's shoulders told for itself. What will happen when everything at home is made a can they bear it?"

This thought was new again for Rajoo, as the sudden, unexpected loss of someone who had joined him in a long and arduous journey could devastate his family. Coincidentally, while Rajoo and Rita had left Mumbai and Rajoo had left the area and Rita had left the city, they were both traveling from Rajoo's hometown to Mumbai where his wife and children lived. Rajoo's family—Devyani, Kishor, Mila, and their children—were there. It was essential that others like Jayu, Rina, Khushi, Chinan, and Shweta also reach Mumbai. As Rajoo's army watched Rita's lifeless body, his mind was overwhelmed with thoughts. He was in a state of shock but he had to act quickly and take control of the situation. With Rita's phone now switched off, he made a call to Sunil, an executive officer of the Rajoo Group, who had gone to Delhi with Khushboo and Itay. Rajoo explained the dire situation to Sunil and asked him to find a way to have Delhi air reach Rajoo in the morning along with Khushboo and Itay.

Sunil was also shocked and overwhelmed, he didn't know what pretext to give to Khushboo and Itay to return to Rajoo. An hour later Sunil called Rajoo back expressing his frustration. He didn't know what excuse to give to Khushboo and Itay, and he thought of nothing.

It was undoubtedly Manadevi's crying, that in the first twenty-four hours after losing his beloved, Rajoo found himself consumed in crying out to release his sorrow. Amidst his grief and struggles to maintain composure, he took a deep breath and came up with a plan. In spite of the overwhelming weight of his own loss, he focused on the well-being of his family and the need to keep things calm. Tell them, he thought, meeting with his loved ones. Rajoo continued.

During those critical first twenty-four hours, Rajoo wore a mask of calm concealing the unbearable grief. He knew that telling his children would be even more excruciating than the pain he was already enduring. The silence of those early hours was both a shield and a torment, as Rajoo fought against his sorrow while thinking about what awaited him back at home.

It was around two in the morning when a freezer ambulance from Delhi passed him on the way. As the ambulance was swayed onto the road, Rajoo noticed that only two drivers had been sent in the new ambulance, just as instructed. He was

Rajoo bha,
Doshi's mind
felt paralyzed
by the shock.
"He knew the
home was
1325
K, some one's away

determined to keep Shruti's secret quickly and quietly as possible. But duty, his family legacy, and honor. The one relief was that since it was nighttime, he hadn't received any calls from Shruti or any other relatives. There was no need to face the dilemma of whether to avoid, answer, or lie during a call. However, Rajoo's tough test will happen as soon as light dawns and calls from the home need to receive. The challenge would be what to say when he answers the call. It was his daughter, Karishma, who put him in a moral dilemma at 8:40 in the morning.

"My father, your Mommy is asleep!" When Karishma called and asked to speak with her mother after her phone was turned off, Rajoo replied with that answer. But deep down, he knew that as per the Doshi family tradition, the calls would start pouring in soon. He decided he wouldn't answer any personal calls for now.

As dawn broke and Rajoo's phone was turned on, he wouldn't speak to him, but if his own calls went unanswered, the worry would intensify. In a strange situation, the shock could no longer be hidden, but he was determined not to say anything about Rita until Khushboo and Utsav had reached Rajkot from Delhi. How does one explain such a tragic turn of events? A man sacrifices his own pain for the sake of his family. Rajoo Doshi endured an unimaginable heartbreak. He didn't speak much, but anyone who has faced a similar situation can understand that in that moment, Rajoo's greatest fear was a loss of learning—shocking and painful truth, nothing greater should befall any member of his family.

It was important that when Rajoo revealed the truth about Rita, the family would be able to comfort one another, and some of those at Shruti's home could help ease the pain or soothe the grieving by offering their support and solace. Those who are dissolving their bewailing and wailings by embracing them also should be prevented from doing so. So, in the late ambulance, Rajoo Doshi called family friends Chandra, Raju, Sajjan, and Kallu, who were waiting for them to arrive. He spoke only when the ambulance arrived at the house and at the end of the line. Only then would he be able to speak with Kishor.

As things unfolded, Rajoo had to delay the moment. By 3:00 PM on April 2, he still hadn't told anyone at home what had happened. Perhaps someone at home had been asking, but no one could have said anything. By 7:00 PM, Rajoo decided to tell everyone at home about Kishor's death. If anyone from Delhi had gathered at Shruti's home, they would be able to tell Kishor's death. But no one was on the speaker. The entire household at Shruti's home gathered around the shamshona in that moment. Rajoo Doshi spoke the painful truth: Kishu had left Shruti and taken refuge with Mahadev.

Some personal talk & observation

When are you coming Rajko? I've been to write a book

On May 7, 2022, the monthly death anniversary of Rita, the Doshi family organized a bhajan (bhajanya) gathering (singing religious songs in the evening to express devotion to God) at Wadi, nestled in the apartment corner, and invited the villagers of Chamaipara for a meal. On that same morning, at 8:08 AM, Rajko (Ish) sent me a WhatsApp message. Being a late riser by habit, I had woken up at 12:2 AM that would meet him, lying in bed, as:

B... my legs feel heavy. As the eldest in my family, I always wished for an older brother and sister-in-law. How much comfort their presence would have brought at home. I firmly believe that elders serve as a shield for the younger ones. So, I had adopted Rajko and Rita as my elder brother and sister-in-law. However, the shock of Rita's unexpected passing was so overwhelming that I couldn't bring myself to speak with Rajko, even on the phone. I lacked courage. After all, it was only a formality, but sometimes, a formality can become an incredibly painful one. I decided that when I eventually found Rajko, who I may never see again, Rita, yet, the very thing I did feared—talking about Rita—was inevitable.

I sat in front of Rajko, and he mentioned that I would have to meet him two or three times a week, and we would talk only about Rita.

There were conditions as well. I had to meet more than thirty people from Anandabhai Baroda, Wamda, Bagasara, Harkor, Manavadar, Sunayadh, excluding those from London and America. The second condition was that I couldn't go to Mumbai until the book was finished. Rajko, once he becomes stubborn, doesn't easily bend. And his stubbornness was about I've never done anything my elder-in-law asked of me, and all he does is to my honor, my reputation, and the family. My only duty is to get it done. It will be very well. Rita and Rajko are among the few who are not afraid of me. I said, and they embodied the very foundation of it.

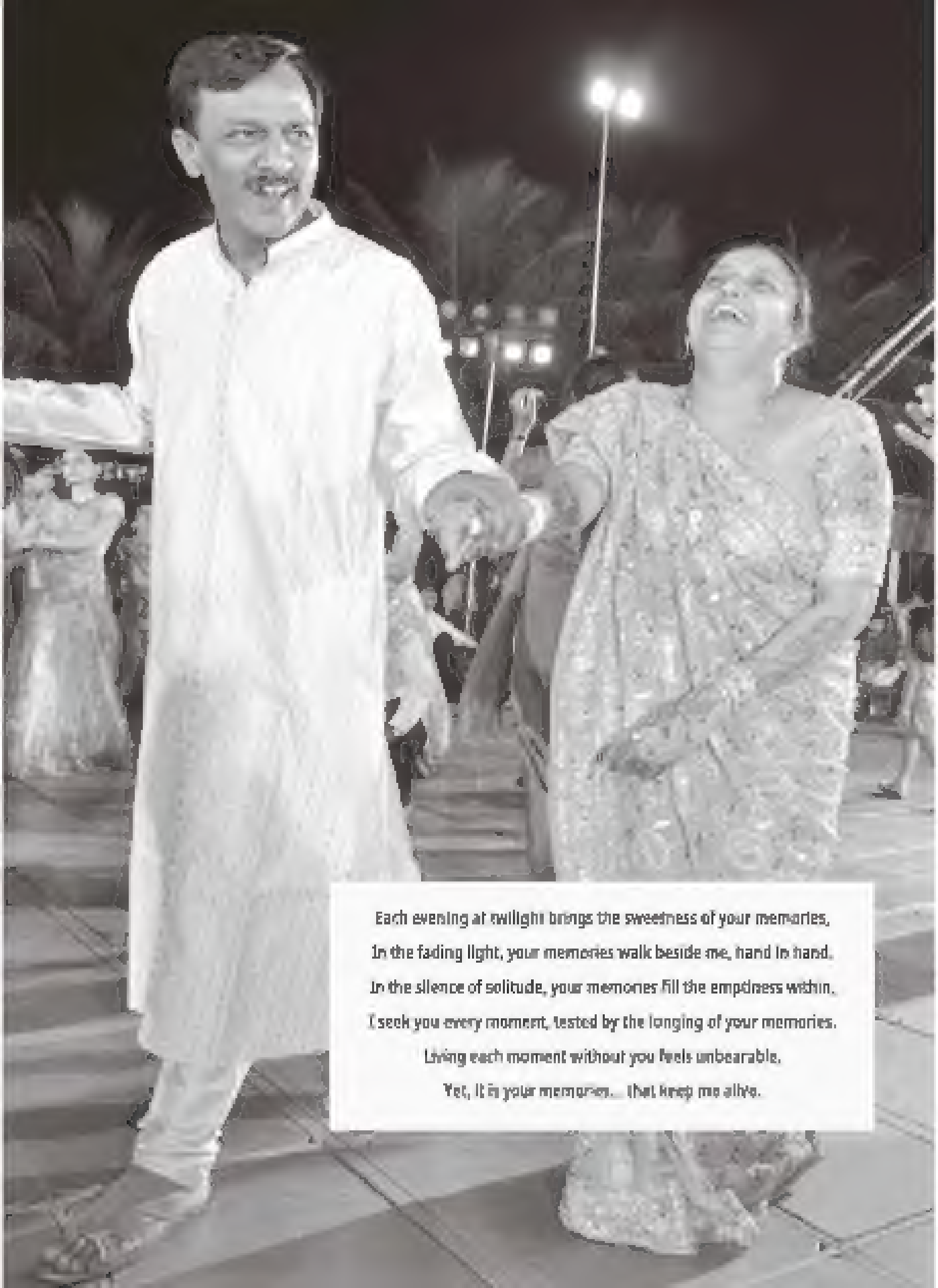
I knew that writing the book I've would be an incredibly difficult task for me. In many ways, I've been to meet everyone, even if it's a walk to a park, a walk to a park. Many of them, including my spoke, would have been upset if I had not followed them. I had to deal emotionally for the book I've. I met around sixty-five people.

The shock of this is unbearable for me. What will happen when everyone at Shruti Rafines out? Can they bear it?

including the Doshi family, constantly immersed in the presence of Rita's aura. The side effect of this was that, for the past month, I have been dreaming constantly of Rita, Rajoo, and the Doshi family. If this is a sign of some mental illness, I am ready to accept it!

"The happiness of departure is felt more when people stop you from leaving, not when they push you to go." This was a statement from a heartfelt journalist friend who once advocated voluntary retirement. Rita experienced something similar. She was younger than the writer of this book, and there was no serious illness or health issue. She went for a walk with her friends, and on her last day, she told her daughter Karishma on the phone, "Today, I haven't felt any pain at all!"

I met Rajoo several times at his hospital during the writing of this book. After our discussions, we were often the last two to leave the hospital. On those occasions, as I saw him walking alone toward "Shrutina," it seemed as if his body was limping under the heavy burden he carries—the pain of Rita's loss, the emptiness in his life, and the crushing loneliness that came with losing her.



Each evening at twilight brings the sweetness of your memories,
In the fading light, your memories walk beside me, hand in hand.
In the silence of solitude, your memories fill the emptiness within,
I seek you every moment, tested by the longing of your memories.

Living each moment without you feels unbearable,
Yet, it is your memories... that keep me alive.

God has tested me through your physical absence,

Yet it is said, and it is true,

Whatever the Lord of this world bestows upon you, endure it.

Whatever is dear to the beloved, cherish it as a treasure.

What God deemed right has come to pass, O Jiva.

The divine purpose behind our separation must be good.

Your presence is needed more in God's court than in Dushi's family.

I surrender to the will of God,

Accepting this truth with grace.

I will continue to cherish the memories of my jeev,

And strive to fulfill the dreams left unfulfilled of my jeev.



When we first heard about Pappa's plans to write the book *Jeet*, we couldn't fathom revisiting the same sorrowful memories we thought it would demand. However, upon reading the preliminary draft, we realized the book wasn't fixated on grief. Instead, it was a heartfelt effort to celebrate our mother's exuberance, her values-driven and selfless life, and her embodiment of *Mati to Matayani* (Woman as divine). It painted her as a guiding light—a *shiksha* (one enlightened) thriving within the mundane—proving that spiritual grace can blossom in everyday acts of love, sacrifice, and quiet strength.

The journey of compiling this book—through meetings, interviews, and writing—was undertaken with heavy hearts. Over countless days, as we gathered heartfelt stories about Mum from family, relatives, and friends, waves of emotion washed over us all. The tears we shed were unlike any we'd known before, each one a raw testament to the collective love we shared and the void her absence has left behind.

The opening chapters of *Jeet* masterfully immortalize the cherished moments Mum shared with her family, weaving warmth and intimacy into every memory. In contrast, the closing pages tenderly trace the final journey of Mum—a farewell intertwined with the presence of childhood companions of parents, whose enduring bonds reflect a lifetime of shared roots and unspoken love.

Khashboo - Shwetang - Aaysha, Urvav - Konkana - Durjoy, Palley - Chandini - Yohan,
Kruni - Chintan - Naera, Karishma - Anika, Utkarsh - Urvashi - Jeevika, Priit - Jinal - Kavit,
Pavni, Upasri - Deep, Tanmay

